

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## THE MISERABLE NOVELIST OUTDONE

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### TRAGIC MYSTERY OF THE GREAT RIFT

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF  
TWO BRAVE MENThe Pathetic Tale Behind an  
Explorer's Hat

#### HEROES OF SCIENCE

It now appears that one secret of Lake Rudolf, the mysterious East African lake just touching Abyssinia, may never be discovered.

What became of our two explorers, Dr W. S. Dyson and Mr W. R. H. Martin, the zoologist and the surveyor of the Lake Rudolf Rift Valley Expedition? Their companions can only guess. They will probably never know.

Lake Rudolf, in the Great Rift of some gigantic convulsion which tore the Dark Continent from end to end in distant geological time, is 1300 feet above the sea, and its diminishing length of 180 miles is in country once volcanic. About it are both mountains and desert, but it has been the abode of man since the earliest Stone Age.

#### A Difficult Landing

Of all this the expedition assured themselves; but part of their search was for islands on the lake so little known as to have become almost legendary. On two of the smaller ones, first visited by the Austrian explorers who found the lake in 1888, live a tribe of fishermen called El Molo, "the miserable ones"; and tradition declares that they never number more or less than 99. The expedition counted 86, and measured their heads for certainty.

The bigger island is distant and is not easy to reach. When the expedition reached its shores they found a difficult landing among volcanic pinacles, towers, and needles of every fantastic shape. The island was ascended over a treacherous crust of lava, which at 800 feet gave place to ash and cinders.

After some preliminary exploration Dr Dyson and Mr Martin were left on the island to complete the task, and they were never seen again.

#### Food Enough For a Month

A week after they had been left their fire was seen at one end of the island, and they had food enough for a month.

When another week had gone by and they had not returned Dr V. E. Fuchs, the leader of the expedition, grew uneasy. The weather made a voyage to the island difficult, and a plane was sent from Nairobi by request. It flew over the island, but brought back only the worst news. There was no trace of the camp or the explorers, and none of their boat. They must have left the island.

Two more planes were obtained, which patrolled both the island and the shores of the lake, but nothing came to light except Dr Dyson's hat. Then, as no other boat could be transported to

### Playtime in the Mountains



The winter sports season is beginning. Here is a thrilling ski jump by an expert at Arosa

the east side of the lake nearest the island, Dr Fuchs and Mr MacInnes, the palaeontologist of the party, set out in a 20-foot lifeboat launched 70 miles to the north. Six days were spent in navigating in the teeth of the fierce prevailing wind to a bay only 20 miles away. There it sunk at its moorings in the night.

They got it up again with the help of the natives, but worse weather and fever held them up for several days. One attempt to reach the island had to be abandoned because it was dark when they got there. Another failed because the outboard engine filled with water when they were two miles away.

They never reached the mysterious island which had swallowed up their companions. Two months after the last light of the fire had been seen all hope was abandoned.

All the light that could be thrown on this tragic mystery was Dr Dyson's hat and the oars of his boat and two tins which afterwards were washed up on the western shore of the lake.

### MYSTERY OF THE PLUMAGE ACT

The Act which prohibited the importation of many forms of plumage, including that of the egret, grows older and older, but still the prohibited ornaments are exhibited for sale.

What is the explanation? When appealed to a few years ago the Board of Trade explained that the plumage on sale was part of old consignments. What is the explanation now? Is it still held that the old stocks are unexhausted?

We think it far more probable that the plumes are smuggled into England by aeroplane. The proper remedy is to stop the retail sale of plumes, and we appeal to the Home Secretary for the necessary legislation.

The egret's plumes, like many of the other fine feathers still imported, are only assumed by birds in the breeding-season; that is why the wearing of such plumage by women is as wicked as it is thoughtless. Fine feathers for women mean the death of fine birds.

### A TREE IN A HAT IT HAS LIVED TO BE 200

The Odd Story of the First  
Cedar in France

#### A PRESENT FROM KEW

A few lovers of Nature met recently beneath the branches of a cedar tree in the Paris Jardin des Plantes.

The tree was celebrating the 200th anniversary of its arrival there, and the guests recalled the story of its coming. This is the story.

In 1734 Bernard de Jussieu went to England to visit his friend the Director of Kew Gardens. When he left the Director gave him a very precious gift, two tiny cedars of Lebanon. Though these cedars had been known in England for over half a century none had yet been introduced into France, and De Jussieu was so excited that he would not trust them to anyone else. He carried the two little pots all the way home, and as soon as he reached Paris made straight for the Jardin des Plantes. Alas! as he crossed a road one pot fell and broke.

#### A Great and Modest Scholar

The botanist immediately took off his hat, set the cedar and its earth in it, and so made a triumphant entry into the Garden with the two baby trees.

Bernard de Jussieu was one of the greatest and most modest scholars of his time. He was trained and began to practise as a doctor, but was more interested in botany than in medicine, and when he was offered the post of botanist to the king he was in his element. He reorganised the king's garden from one end to the other, and became superintendent of the Petit Trianon gardens. Not only did he bring into being a magnificent botanical garden, but he inspired students of botany with some of his own enthusiasm. His reputation grew; some one asked the famous Swedish botanist Linnaeus a difficult question, and he replied: "Only God or De Jussieu knows that."

The inquirer went to De Jussieu and got his answer.

#### All His Time For Work

Fame did not alter De Jussieu's way of living. He would not accept gifts from his pupils or invitations from Louis the Fifteenth, and refused the post of Chairman to the Paris Museum. He preferred to give all his time to the work in which he was so deeply interested.

His great contribution to science was his division of plants into Natural Orders, though it was left to his nephew to publish the principles on which he based his classification. But we have no doubt that, if trees can feel, the tree in the Jardin des Plantes admires De Jussieu most for having made it the first cedar in France. Bernard, it may be added, belonged to a family of eminent botanists.



## FREDERIC LELY A WISE MAN OF THE EAST

### The Spirit Which Led the Way To a Strong and Friendly India WHAT HE STOOD FOR

One of the men whose work led up to the possibility of a friendly self-governing India within the British Commonwealth has passed away as his dream is being fulfilled. He was Sir Frederic Lely.

Sometimes a single incident sums up the quality of a man, and we think this delightful story about Sir Frederic tells as well as anything could of the success of his life as a public servant in India.

One day a Presbyterian missionary was preaching in the open air about the kindness, gentleness, and sympathy of Jesus. He began by explaining who Jesus was, and after that went on telling about Him, saying "He . . . He . . . He . . ." without using His name.

#### A State Transformed

An old countryman came up in the middle of the talk and began listening. Soon his whole face lighted up; he knew who was being discussed and agreed with every word of it. He nodded his head with approval, muttering to himself, "Yes, Lely, Lely, Lely!"

And Lely had been Administrator there, in Porbundur, 20 years before!

He was first put in charge of this State when the Rajah was deposed for misconduct, and was told to make no unnecessary changes, as the Rajah's heir would eventually succeed him. Lely interpreted that word unnecessary in his own way, and when the Rajah's grandson came to power four years later the State was completely transformed. Roads, railways, and lighthouses had been built; scales, balances, and police control had been introduced; and a host of other reforms effected.

In Surat, where he went next, things did not move so quickly. It took him five years to overcome the resistance to new-fangled notions and to install a pure water supply.

#### The Great Famine

Then came the great famine that ushered in our century, and Lely found himself Commissioner of the Northern Division, distinctly at variance with the Bombay Government in what he felt to be a too hard-and-fast famine policy. There had been nothing like this for generations. New rules were needed to cope with it. Lely persistently pleaded the people's cause, and finally induced the Viceroy, Lord Curzon, to come and see for himself. After that a new spirit prevailed, and to this day the women of that region pound their lime to the tune of a little song that runs Leli, Leli, Raishno beli (Lely, Lely, the people's friend).

He had a deeply-religious nature, and strove in all his dealings to live up to the teachings of his Master. It was undoubtedly this trait that most endeared him to the peoples of India.

#### A Booklet of Suggestions

After his retirement Sir Frederic set down some of the wisdom he had gained in the East in a booklet of Suggestions for the Better Governing of India. British administrative methods were, on the whole, too rigid, too cold and formal, he thought, to suit the temperament of the peoples with whom they dealt. The rule of the native princes was more acceptable to those they ruled because it made a deeper appeal to their imaginations, and took account of the emotional as well as the material sides of their natures.

Sir Frederic Lely was the sort of man about whose memory romance and legend inevitably spring up. When he passed away last month in London India lost a wise friend, but the spirit of the things he stood for lives on in the great proposals now before Parliament.

## THE ROAD THAT NEEDS NO MENDING Iron For Ever

Our motor-ways may become the iron roads of the future. They have taken from the railways much of their traffic. They may take their name as well.

But these new iron roads will not have mere iron or steel rails and sleepers. They will be iron through and through if the first iron road described at the Public Health Exhibition at the Agricultural Hall finds favour.

A stretch of it has been laid down at Accrington over a road carrying such heavy traffic that nearly £500 a year went on keeping it in repair. The iron road costs nothing at all for upkeep. It will not wear out.

If all its inventors say of it is true it is a motorist's dream. Nothing skids on it. There is no dust in dry weather and no splash in wet. It does not rust, and is no harder on motor-tyres than any other road.

What is good for the motor may be tried on the walker. At Accrington they have had a stretch of iron pavement down for three years without complaint.

## THE GOOD TEAM Madame Curie's Daughter.

A very good team has been honoured once more.

The Academy of Science has awarded the Jerome Ponti prize to Mme. Curie Joliot jointly with her husband, Professor Joliot, for their research in radium. This brilliant team received an award earlier in the year for a discovery concerning radium; now comes a second.

Mme. Curie Joliot is the daughter of the famous Mme. Curie, who was the first to isolate radium. Mother and daughter worked together in the Curie Radium Institute. Mme. Curie is gone, but her genius and devotion live on in her daughter, who, with Professor Joliot, carries on her mother's great work.

No grandee or millionaire ever had a more precious inheritance to leave his children than this old Frenchwoman who left her daughter a passion for knowledge.

## PORTER FERNS A Very Valiant Man

There is a porter at Gilmour Street Station, Paisley, who goes about looking like an ordinary person, yet has much more than ordinary courage. He is James Ferns.

It was a very foggy night, and a train for Stranraer was roaring in when James heard a scream. A woman had walked over the edge of the platform in the fog.

Like a flash Ferns was down on the line. He seized the woman and held her between the train and the platform. The engine and two carriages thundered past before the train could be stopped, but, thanks to the porter's quickness and calm, neither of them was hurt.

The woman would certainly have lost her life if the porter had lost his head, but a valiant man is Porter Ferns.

## A SAXON PRINCESS

At Hurley in Berkshire a fascinating piece of work is going on.

Volunteers are excavating the Priory of St Mary, which stood on the site of a Saxon church where Edward the Confessor's sister was buried.

Colonel and Mrs Rivers-Moore, who own the site, are directing the work. Looking for a lost building is quite as exciting as any detective story, and there must have been great joy last week when a corner of the chapter house with a pavement of 13th-century tiles was discovered.

But more important was the discovery of an older wall under a 13th-century floor. This most probably was part of the Saxon church, and among the bones found are surely the remains of Edward's sister.

## Maid of Athens & Duchess of Kent

WE all know that happiness creates happiness, but two young lovers brought about more happiness than even they can have dreamed of when they talked of marriage one day in the romantic setting of the mountains of Slovenia.

They are left to themselves now, after sharing with multitudes the happiness of their wedding; sharing even their wedding presents, and that best one of all, the Georges Fund, which goes to help invalid children and children who are in need of any kind, be it food or clothes or days by the sea. As for our schoolchildren, they got a whole day's holiday out of the wedding.

#### A Day To Remember

For London it has meant what we dearly love—a pageant, a day to remember for thousands; and the sight of a charming bride trailing princesses after her like clouds of glory, and a bridegroom, whose ready smile and quick sympathy have found their way to our hearts.

Paris saw the collecting together of the trousseau. Yugo-Slavia set the scene for the proposal at the summer home of Prince Paul, whose wife is sister to the Duchess of Kent. Denmark, remembering that the bride's grandfather was the Danish prince who became King of Greece, thought of this princess's kinship to the Danish princess who also came to England for a royal wedding at Westminster and became Queen Alexandra. And Athens remembered that there the bride was born in November 28 years ago (her 28th birthday was the day after her marriage).

#### Our Old Joke

The Maid of Athens is now Duchess of Kent, and we wish her a long and happy life among us. She came smiling through the mist on the day she landed for her wedding; she found that London had hung out fog as well as flags to greet her. She looked so happy that it could rain all day if it liked. What did it matter? England was her new home, and she could take a joke, especially the old joke of our weather, as well as any of us.

As for us, we have shown in all the ways we know our welcome to this radiant Maid of Athens and our regard for Prince George. It now remains for us to bow ourselves out of their presence and leave them to the happiness they deserve.

## SAD PLIGHT OF THE IRISH WOMEN

It is very true that war, either political or economic, hits the innocent people as hardly as any.

Ireland is a sad example. With tariffs and retaliatory tariffs, the poor farmers are having a very bad time. Their womenfolk are feeling the effects of it in a pathetic manner. The number of Christmas turkeys for England has naturally been cut down. These were the special trade of the farmer's wife, who sold them to the exporters and used the money to buy her own clothes and small luxuries. This year Christmas will not be a cheery one for these silent sufferers of Mr de Valera's political warfare.

## A GOOD BOOK FOR NOTHING

For all our youthful speed enthusiasts Lord Wakefield has brought out for 1934 another of his Achievements booklets, or, as it might be called, Round the Year With Castrol.

It is to be had free from Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2, for it is frankly an advertisement, but in it are most of the champions of speed during the past year, their feats being shown in over 80 pictures.

## CLOSED ISLANDS OF THE SKY

### The Air Is Not Free

### TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

Far from free is the free air. A queer idea we seldom think of is that a lot of it is parcelled out by proprietors of the land below.

Some years ago a private landed proprietor sought to establish his right to all the space above his holding, as far, for example, as the planet Mars. His claim was rejected, but Governments have been more successful. Almost as soon as aeroplanes could fly among the clouds nations began to earmark their boundaries in the air, just as they set about to scramble for Africa when the explorers had lighted up the vast area of the Dark Continent.

#### Bewildering Restrictions

The consequences to the airman are very harassing. He, at any rate, is not free of the air. He has to have his passport and his visa, if he can get them; and for a flight to Australia he must have the aid and consent of half a dozen countries.

But it is in shorter flights that the airman discovers national preserves on which he must not trespass. The big air lines make their own arrangements with the Governments whose countries they cross, but even they have to keep a sharp look-out, and the little airman must often find himself bewildered. The restrictions are so bewildering.

All nations quite reasonably prohibit flying over their docks and arsenals. England does not welcome flyers over Portsmouth, but some countries forbid flying over the whole of their frontiers. They must have a lot to hide.

#### Useless Corridors

Some provide corridors for planes, but their usefulness is limited by the prejudices of their neighbours. Seven Rumanian corridors might as well be closed, because an airman going out of the country by them would find himself held up by prohibited areas in Bulgaria, Yugo-Slavia, or Hungary.

From Italy's mainland to Sicily over the Strait of Messina is a four-mile hop, but the prohibited areas on both sides raise it to 80 miles! A plane has to go six miles out to sea to get round Nice. Corsica to Sardinia is eight miles by sea but 50 by air.

In all this pother about permits, which many nations grant with difficulty and Russia hardly at all, it is notable that Germany and Switzerland only ask planes flying over them to insure against third-party risks.

## A FAMILY RECORD?

A reader in Lancashire tells us that he is one of 11 brothers and sisters who are all living, married, and in good health, and whose ages total nearly 683 years; the youngest is 52 and the eldest will soon be 73.

We agree with him that this is a record of which to be proud, and wonder whether any family can beat it?

## THINGS SAID

Mistakes are only final when you stick to them. Mr Lloyd George

Peas should be eaten with a spoon. Lord Moynihan

There have been practically no bank failures in U.S.A. for 18 months. The American Ambassador

What avails knowledge of the Universe to man if he is not wise enough to make a proper use of it? An Octogenarian

In Piccadilly Circus and the Strand every building is unneighbourly. Mr Henry Fletcher

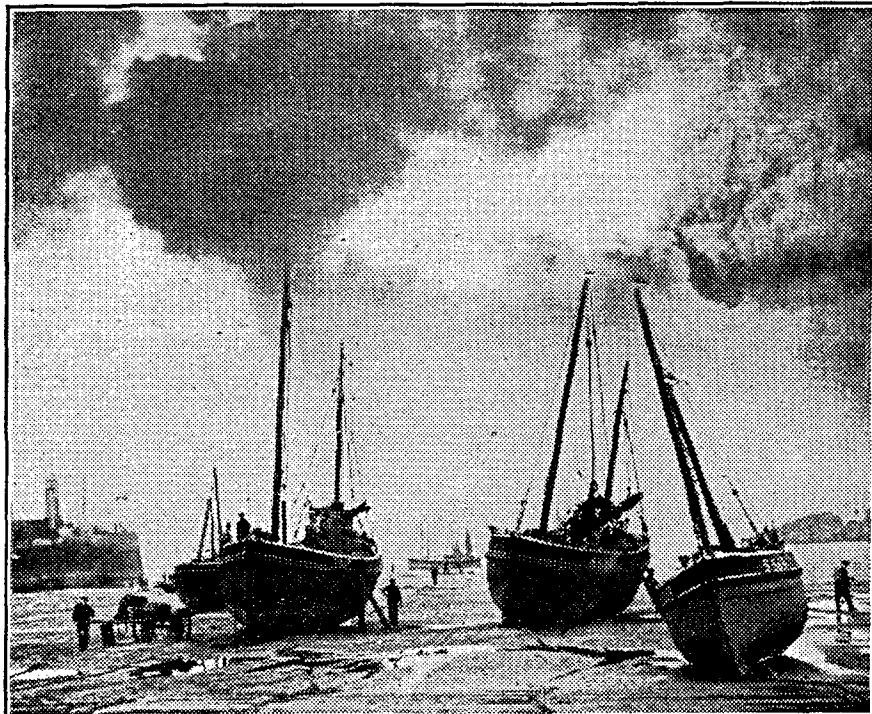


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*The Children's Newspaper*

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# WINDMILL OF 1666 · DODGING THE SPRAY · GIANTS OF THE ROCKS



Low Tide—The fishermen of this Cornish harbour are preparing their boats to put to sea on the next tide, undeterred by the threatening clouds that gather overhead.



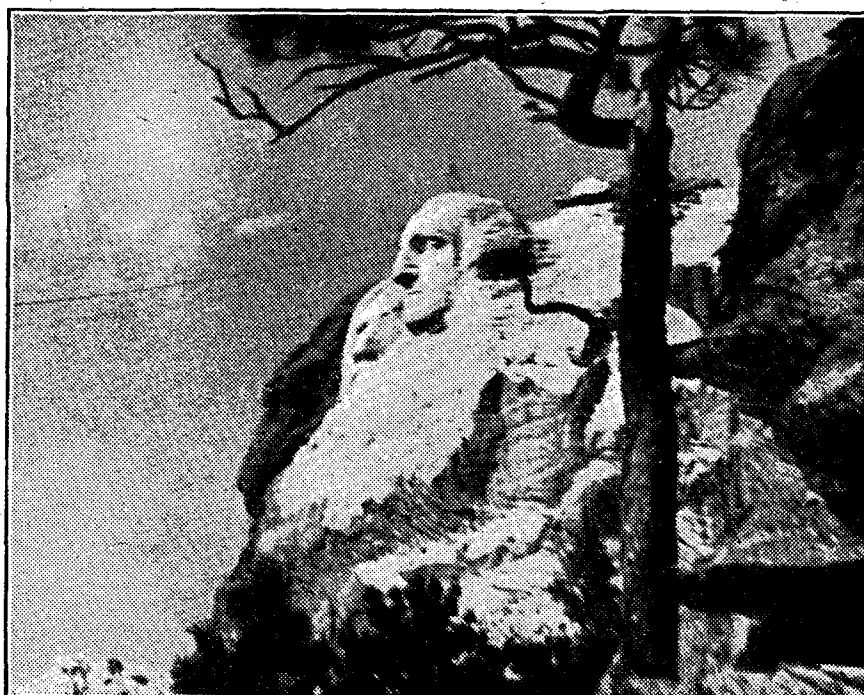
Turning Since the Great Fire—The nearer of these windmills at Redhill in Surrey was built in 1666, the year of the Fire of London. It is said to be England's oldest working mill.



On the Fringe of London—A rural picture taken at Belvedere in Kent, only twelve miles from the heart of the world's greatest city.



Dodging the Spray—A tempting game for boys when the big waves break over the sea front. A wetting is the penalty of failure. This picture was taken at Rottingdean.



Giants of the Rocks—This view of the vast heads that are being carved out of granite in South Dakota shows Washington with President Jefferson a little to the left. See page 17.



## THE DROUGHT'S GOOD DEED A Ruin Brought To Light NEWS FROM THE BOTTOM OF A POND

Last year's drought did at least one good thing.

It reduced a large cattle pond at Cressing Temple, near Witham in Essex, to a few inches. The owner, Mr F. J. Cullen, determined to have the pond made deeper in case there should be another drought next year, so the other day he set workmen to dig the pond. Soon they came upon enormous timbers and brick piers, and discovered the foundations of a building which probably was fair to see seven hundred years ago.

The pond stands in a farmyard now, but near it are the traces of a ruined chapel. In 1151 the Manor of Cressing was granted to the Knights Templars, who held it till 1311. If last summer had not been exceptionally dry no one would have found the remains of another building near the chapel.

Now it is fairly easy to imagine how the place looked in ancient times, long before it became a farmyard with a cattle pond.

The pond is as old as the ruins. It provided the Templars with fish for their meatless days, and until recent times huge carp had been caught in it. But the Templars went, the fine house tumbled down, the pond spread, the place became a farm, and now the drought has revealed it to us.

### DO IT

#### An Indian Way and an English Story

*Do the thing that's nearest  
Though it's dull at times.*

Sir Frederick Sykes, who was Governor of Bombay from 1928 till 1933, has been writing in *The Times* about the movement for improving Indian villages by the villagers themselves.

Some splendid work has been done, and we particularly admire the methods of one village committee.

Once a week the committee inspects the village. If a house is found dirty they do not scold or sneer, but quietly set about to clean it.

It is a great deal more effective than preaching, and we recommend it to all fault finders.

A good parson's wife we know discovered it for herself the other day. There was a certain family whose children always looked dirty and neglected. When a new baby came the parson's wife seized her chance.

"I know how busy you are, Mrs X," she said, "and how you must want a rest; I'm going to come in to bath the baby for you every day."

She bathed the baby, and "while she was about it," she said, she "might as well wash the other children too."

It was all done in such a friendly spirit that no resentment was felt, and cleanliness became a habit in that home.

## A MAN AND THE WORLD Civilisation in 1934

The story of Herr Egon Kisch is a reproach to two nations. He is a German novelist, and is exiled by the Nazis. Thus deprived of German citizenship, he sailed for Australia. On arrival there he was refused permission to land.

Determined to effect his purpose, Herr Kisch jumped from the ship to the pier, breaking his ankle. He was then seized and put back on the ship, and the latest news of him is that a lawyer was seeking to obtain his release from the ship and his right to land examined by the High Court.

Whatever the issue, what a period it is when men are denied the right to use the world into which they were born!

## Strange Road To the British Museum LIFE OF ONE OF ITS COLLECTORS The Extraordinary Adventures of Dr Wallis Budge JOURNALIST OF THE ANCIENT EMPIRES

THE British Museum has lost one of its oldest friends and our knowledge of ancient Empires has lost one of its chief authorities by the passing of Sir Wallis Budge.

A man of extraordinary energy, from the days when he left Cornwall till just before he died, he lived the life of an active scholar, beginning his day at six in the morning and, right up to the end, forgetting that he was 77 years old.

He has one of the longest lists of publications to his credit of any man of his time, and one of them, *By Nile and Tigris*, tells of some of his astonishing adventures. We gather from them something of how the British Museum finds its wonderful possessions.

### The Early Christian

We pass over such excitement as came to Dr Budge one night when he woke up to see two jackals rushing out of his hut, carrying off the skulls he has piled up in a heap (nearly a thousand of them there were) for a Cambridge professor who was working at the craniology of the ancient Egyptians. Let us take, instead, a few great days in this fine traveller's life, such a day as that when he came upon an early Christian lying in the desert of Egypt with a little bundle beside him that thrills a man to read of even now.

Fifteen centuries have probably passed since this man was laid in his long wooden coffin in Egypt, and there he lay until the day a group of natives opened up his grave three years before the Great War. They found him wrapped in linen, with an iron chain round his waist, and between his feet was a linen-covered bundle containing one of the very oldest copies in existence of any of the books of the Bible. Think of the wonder of it all.

### His Copy of the Acts

This man lived and moved in Egypt, carrying about his copy of the Acts, at a time when Christianity was struggling for existence in the British Isles, before Bede died in Jarrow, dictating his translation of St John. He must have copied it with his own hands, Dr Wallis Budge said, and always had it near him; and he must have lived not more than four or five hundred years after the Apostles whose Acts he loved to read. He was probably buried by disciples in an old coffin made a century or two before, which they happened to find empty, or out of which they turned some occupant for the honour of their master; and this papyrus book, now in the British Museum, was found still in the linen wrapping with which they covered it.

More remarkable still to most of us, no doubt, is that story of the old Egyptian we can look on face to face in modern London Town.

### After a Hundred Centuries

He lay in his coffin surrounded with pots and flints, his body naked and complete. They dug a pit in front of the grave, and dug inwards under it, dragging down the sandstone bit by bit so that the body dropped down by degrees; He was packed in a box and brought to London, and one Saturday in the spring of 1900 he was unpacked in the British Museum as complete as when he was first seen, after being hid for at least a hundred centuries. So he lay that Saturday, but when Monday morning came this ancient man had lost the tip of his finger, and it is a mystery still what happened to this old man in those

first few lonely hours when he lay unpacked on his museum table, waiting to be put back among his pots and flints.

One of the rarest treasures of antiquity was the discovery of the Tombs of the Kings at Thebes, and the event has always been one of the mysteries of the world. It was in the days before the British government of Egypt, and, though only forty years have passed, it is like a tale of barbaric ages to read how the Arabs who found these hidden tombs were tortured to yield up their secret.

### Where Pharaoh Lay

These amazing tombs of Pharaoh, cut out of the solid rocks across the Nile from Karnak, had been lost to history for centuries until men of an Arab family discovered them. They kept their secret well, and for years this family, alone in all the world, held the secret of the place where the kings of Egypt lay. Their dealings in antiquity had long aroused suspicion, and all the men of this family, young and old, were dragged to a prison-house at Kana and tied to posts and whipped. Still they refused to tell where Pharaoh lay.

They were thrown on the ground, and the soles of their feet were beaten with palm rods; they were tied to seats and hot iron pots were put on their heads. One of them died from this torture, and it is said that before the brothers would reveal the whereabouts of the tombs the Mudir of Kana inflicted upon them tortures indescribable, which even in savage Central Africa were held to be outrageous. Dr Budge was one of the few travellers who heard at first hand the amazing story of the men who found the kings of Egypt fast asleep where they had lain for nearly fifty centuries.

Dr Budge's clever wit won for England many a priceless treasure; but he was the first to acknowledge the rare wit and ingenuity of a native of Bagdad. Outside Bagdad, three miles from the city, Dr Budge and his excavators overtook a funeral procession monopolising the one dry track of road. The mourners, chanting the praises of the dead from time to time, marched steadily on, but always keeping Dr Budge behind.

### Passed By the Guards

As Dr Budge approached the bridge the guard stepped forward and stopped him, saying that the last man of the funeral procession had told them that the Englishman, who was travelling with them, would pay the bridge dues for the entire procession. By this time the funeral was over the bridge and out of sight, and Dr Budge had nothing to do but pay. It must have seemed to him a queer joke that the British Museum should pay the dues for a funeral procession across the bridge of boats; but in the end nobody seemed to mind, for a native friend appeared before Dr Budge the next day, and told him that a great collection of his precious tablets was safely housed in Bagdad, all passed by the guards.

*They were in the funeral procession, taking the place of the corpse on the bier.*

### C.N. WRITING TEST

Although there were such large numbers of entries for the C.N. Writing Test the judges are making excellent progress with their difficult task.

No definite date can be given for the announcement of results, which, however, will be made at the earliest possible time. Readers are asked to watch the C.N. columns carefully.

## HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED Individual Gives Place To the Nation MASS IDEA FOR ARCHITECTS

By The Prince of Wales

The Prince of Wales had some wise things to say to our British architects setting out on the second centenary of their Institute in their new home.

Today we are not the individualists we were in Victorian and Edwardian days. We are now living a life which is far more collective in principle than individualistic.

Wealth is more evenly distributed throughout the country than it has ever been.

The housing of our people has not been taken too good care of in the past, and in your study of this problem I would ask you to include the school and buildings in which they are reared as children and the hospitals in which they are treated when they are sick.

### Two Great Evils

The first aspect of this problem is the planning and arrangements of our towns and cities. The narrow twisting streets which we know only too well are the major cause of two great evils—the congestion of transportation on the one hand and the lack of civic pride on the other.

I feel strongly that you could develop the idea of widening these streets and raising the height of buildings.

I think that all of us interested in town-planning should take a bigger and more generous outlook on the planning of our cities following the trend of our times, which is to think less of the limited group of individualists and more of the national point of view.

### No Other Way

Our great industrial and commercial concerns, such as motor-car manufacturers and the great multiple stores, have shown what can be done by mass production to produce attractively at low costs those amenities of life which formerly only existed for what we might call the well-to-do.

I ask you to carry this principle of mass production over to architecture and the building trade, because I am convinced that in no other way will it be possible to raise the living conditions of the great majority of our people and to produce the better conditions which they should and could have by these means.

## LITTLE AMERICA'S LETTER BAG

### Taking 50,000 Letters 16,000 Miles To Post

Postal trouble has arisen at Admiral Byrd's camp in Little America.

The mail to be cleared from that lonely spot in the Antarctic has proved too much for the members of the Expedition, who not unnaturally wish to devote all their time to scientific work.

It is all the fault of the stamp collectors, who have inundated members of the Expedition with requests for the dispatch to them of a letter post-marked Little America.

The Post Office Department at Washington has accordingly decided to send one of their officials on a 16,000-mile trip to Admiral Byrd's camp in order that he may deal with the correspondence. He is taking a complete outfit of gum, ink, marking stamps, and cancelling machines.

*And he is taking with him 50,000 letters to be post-marked at the camp and then brought back again!*



Dick



# KEEPERS OF THE IVORY CASTLES

## ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR

THAT'S what Dick had for a birthday treat. The others had it as well, of course—it wouldn't have been much of a treat all by himself. And what an afternoon they had! Swings and roundabouts, cocoanut-shies, ices and chocolate—all most thrilling and exciting. They stayed till the very last minute, and then nearly missed the 'bus because Dick had to rush back and buy the new box of Gibbs Dentifrice that Aunt Priscilla had asked them to bring home for her. "And don't forget it whatever you do," she had said at parting, "for I've only got a little bit left, and I hate to feel my 'Ivory Castles' haven't had a really good polish."

They tumbled together into the 'bus at last, breathless and happy. The 'bus was full of passengers and everyone had a basket or a parcel, so it was a tight fit. But everyone got a seat (or part of a seat) and they started down the long straight road overhung with trees, which made it seem quite dark already.

At first there was plenty of chatting about the fair and the things they had seen there. But by degrees they grew quieter and quieter and soon nothing was heard but the rumble of the 'bus along the country road. Then heads began to nod. Opposite to Mary sat Polly Parsnip holding a large basket on her knee—Mary could just see her head over it, and it nod-nod-nodded till her nose hit the handle of the basket: when she sat up, blinking and yawning every other minute. "She ought to put her hand before her mouth

when she yawns," thought Mary, remembering what she had been taught. "I can see right into her mouth—she's got a big space where she has lost a tooth: what a long way it is inside; it looks like a red tunnel—how funny!" And then the 'bus began to sound like "tun-nel-fun-ny-tun-nel-fun-ny-tun-nel" till Mary began to nod herself, sleepily with the sway of the 'bus. Oh! how sleepy she was!

But what caught the children's wondering eyes at once, was a beautiful shimmering tower, which shone with a soft lustre like a pearl—a real fairy castle!

"Look," cried Mary, "there are more towers over there—and there—why, they are all round nearly."

"Castles," Jennifer chimed in with delight, "shiny fairy Castles!"

"IVORY CASTLES," said Dick, "let's go closer!"

"Can we?" asked Mary eagerly. "I don't see any people about, but there's a crowd over there, Dick. Look! To the right of that space!" And she pointed to a number of figures clustering about a queer little creature some way off.

But Dick had heard sounds of conflict coming from the dim distance in the opposite direction. "You stay here," he said, very firmly. "I'm going across there to see what's on."

"Don't be too long then," said Mary rather nervously, "I do think we ought to keep together in a strange place."

"Oh, I'll be back like a shot," said Dick. "Here Bob! You hold on to my parcels till I get back—and don't drop Aunt Priscilla's Dentifrice, or she'll let you know about it!" Off he went at a good swinging trot and presently the others saw him stop as

answered Mr. Caries, halting as he came up to the crowd of people, whom the children took to be tourists and who were clustering around the edge of the space. "I don't see how it can be shorter, when it's going nearly in the opposite direction!" expostulated Bob, "we could see which way Dick went."

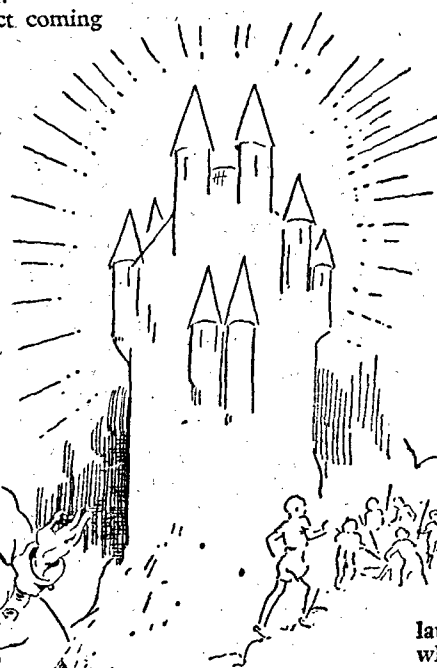
"That's because it's a short cut my dear,"

said Mr. Caries, "but I know my way about any castle; all we Caries Imps do."

"Aren't we going the wrong way?" asked Bob, who was a very sharp little boy. "Look, Dick went right the other side of that space—East, I think, and we're going North-West," he added very wisely.

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"Excuse me" said a wheezy voice

A half melancholy laugh came from somewhere in the crowd, suppressed at once: Mr. Caries sniffed impatiently and his ugly face had such a nasty expression for a second that Mary, quite startled, anxiously said to

Bob "Shush! Bob, you can't tell always with short cuts!" which is only too true, as we all know.

To change the subject, she asked Mr. Caries what all the groups of workmen were doing that they saw all round.

"Doing the ground," Mr. Caries grunted, sulkily, all his ingratiating manner gone.

"Yes, but what are they doing?" demanded Bob.

"Don't know and don't care," snapped Mr. Caries.

"I can tell you that," put in the "tourist," who had laughed before (he looked somehow cleaner and nicer than the rest). "We're getting near the place where once stood an Ivory Castle, and they are building a new one in its stead: and so the ground has to be made very firm and solid by beating and stamping on it—podding it as your gardener says. They can't build a good castle on spongy ground."

"They're 'podding' it with rucks and apples" shrieked Bob with great delight, "and lots of hard things and rubbing it with Gibbs Dentifrice, too! All the things that Mr. Welcome said were good for my teeth." For Bob had seen his friend the dentist last week, and came away with a great deal of information in his curly head.

"Will you stop making such a noise, Haz-been! and keep in your place," said Mr. Caries crossly to the "tourist." "We're getting near the works," he went on rather apologetically to Mary, "and

The melancholy tourist



when she yawns," thought Mary, remembering what she had been taught. "I can see right into her mouth—she's got a big space where she has lost a tooth: what a long way it is inside; it looks like a red tunnel—how funny!" And then the 'bus began to sound like "tun-nel-fun-ny-tun-nel-fun-ny-tun-nel" till Mary began to nod herself, sleepily with the sway of the 'bus. Oh! how sleepy she was!

## The Crimson Cavern

SUDDENLY, with a jerk, she was wide awake. Why! where had all the people gone? And where had the 'bus gone? "Dick!" she exclaimed, "Dick, what's happened? Jennifer, where are you? Bob, are you there?" For everybody else had vanished, and the children found themselves quite alone.

"Well," said Dick, who was the first to recover from his astonishment, "we seem to have all the place to ourselves, so there's no need to sit here in a row, like birds in the wilderness! Cheer up Mary, we're all alive still!"

"Where do you think we are," said Mary re-assured by Dick's calmness, "it's a strange place entirely, and yet somehow I can't help feeling I've seen it before!" They all looked curiously round them and agreed with her; they had the impression of space, but more like a tremendously high roof than sky overhead. The ground upon which they stood was firm and smooth like velvety satin, and the walls which they could just touch with the tips of their fingers, were soft as silk. As their sight became accustomed to the dimness they saw that all in the distance, as well as all above, around and below them, was a soft coral-pink colour.

if to talk to someone. He turned and waved his hand to them and then went on again and was soon lost to their sight.

## A Specially Conducted Tour

IT was all very well for Dick to say that he would soon be back, but Mary knew better. She knew that he would plunge into any excitement that was going, and forget all about the time—it had happened before!

"Now what are we going to do?" she said. "He might just as well have waited for us; and besides we all want to go over a castle."

"Excuse me," said a wheezy voice, and Mary turned with a start to see the very curious and rather unpleasant-looking creature which had been surrounded by the crowd a few moments before. It wore a cap with a peak and something like a uniform, but he seemed to have claws instead of hands, and could it possibly be that she could see a tail? "Excuse me, but if you want to see the castles you can't do better than let me take you round. I conduct parties—Caries my name is—I know the castles well and thoroughly."

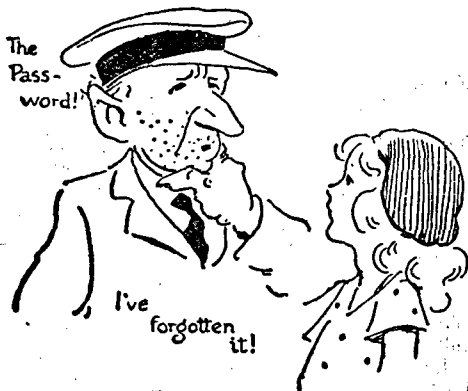
"Thank you," said Mary "but I think I had better wait for my brother."

"You may just as well join him as wait here and waste your time doing nothing," remarked Mr. Caries. "Come along, I know a much shorter way than he has taken, and can go through the castle at the same time. It won't be so tiring for the young lady and gentleman."

"Oh yes, let's go Mary," pleaded the others. "Let's go after Dick"—they were full of excitement at the strangeness of it all, and too impatient to wait quietly.

"Oh, all right then," answered Mary, ("after





they're a lot of touchy and bad tempered officials in charge. They would think nothing of stopping us all. We shall have to go very quietly and try to get by unnoticed."

For a few minutes they went on in a rather uncomfortable silence. Mary wished she had waited for Dick; but Bob and Jennifer were enjoying it. Bob was sorry he hadn't his camera; a snap of Mr. Caries would be very interesting.

Then suddenly, a clear voice rang out; it was the sentry of the Ivory Castle!

## At the Entrance to the Ivory Castle

"WHO goes there?" came the challenge.

"F-f-friend," stammered Caries, feebly. "Advance friend, and give the password," came the order.

"Oh! OO - M-M" mumbled Caries. "I've forgotten it for the moment. Tell me some school things," he muttered hastily to the children.

"I know it was something on a desk. I know it quite well really—something at school; you ought to know." "Books," suggested Mary, "pencils, india-rubber." "Rulers," went on Bob, glibly, "dictionaries, compasses, paint-brushes, knives, pen-nibs, drawing-pins." "NIBS! that's it, nibs," breathed Caries with relief, and "NIBS" he repeated triumphantly to the sentry, who was now looking at them all very curiously.

"NIBS!" echoed the Sentry in disgust. "Here, let's have a look at you. I thought I knew you. You belong to that lot of Caries Imps. Your disguise wouldn't take me in: and the idea of mixing up Gibbs with nibs! Now, look here, you've been sneaking round here before this, to try to get into the works. I'll have the whole lot of you cleaned off this time!" And at his signal some stalwart guards pounced on Caries and his pretended "Tourists," whom the children now recognised to be Caries Imps, and carried them away. But one traveller remained.

"Now what about you children?" said the Sentry more calmly. "You were trying to get into the castle too."

"We wished to go over it," answered Mary, with dignity, "and we shouldn't do it any harm!"

"How do I know that?" said the Sentry. "You look harmless enough, but you're travelling with Caries Imps; that's against you. If they'd got in they would have done a lot of damage, and for all I know, you may be in league with Giant Decay too, and have all sorts of dangerous weapons about you—turn out your pockets!" he said firmly pointing to Bob. "You start, young man!"

And of course, the first thing that came out of Bob's bulging pocket was Aunt Priscilla's new box of Gibbs Dentifrice!

"There! now why on earth couldn't you have shown that before, and saved time," said the Sentry rather testily. "You must have known that it would make all the difference; it always does! We, of the Ivory Castles know of course that anyone who carries Gibbs Dentifrice is a friend—actions before words!"

"We're certainly not enemies," said Mary, "and if having Gibbs Dentifrice makes us friends, we've been friends ever since I can remember," she added with a smile.

"But we should have liked to go over a castle, and Mr. Caries was going to take us," persisted Bob. "Shan't we be able to see it now?"

"As you've got a guarantee of good faith," conceded the Sentry, now quite amiable, "I feel I can be easy in my mind about you, and I'll take you all down the subway to where the new castle is being built. We take jolly good care (as you see) not to let any untrustworthy strangers down there. Come along this way." And he opened a tiny door in the side of the pink hill: he was really proud of

the new buildings and anxious to show them, just as ordinary people are who are building even quite ordinary houses of brick.

In went the children and as the door shut Mary caught a glimpse of the melancholy "Tourist," who had not been swept off with the rest of the Caries Imps: although he had the air of trying to avoid the Sentry and Guard.

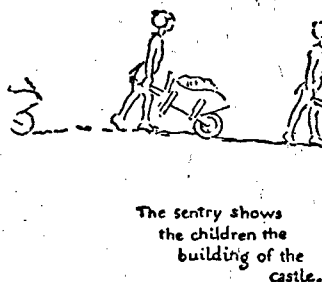
"Poor thing," thought Mary to herself. "He looks so sad: I believe he has something on his mind"—and as she followed the others, along the brightly lighted subway, she felt quite sorry about it.

## The Building of the Permanent Ivory Castle

THOUSANDS of tiny elves were engaged in the building of the Ivory Castle, all gay as butterflies and busy as bees.

"How clean and fresh it all looks," said Mary, "and it's so tidy, too!"

"Ah," said the Sentry "it's impossible to do a piece of work like this without having everything very clean and orderly—everything in the right place—and time!" "The very first thing in building a castle," he went on, "is to see that the ground is firm and good."



The Sentry shows the children the building of the castle.



"I know, with rusks and orange juice," interrupted Bob. "Something like that," said the Sentry with a half smile. "The next thing is to make that great mound: the elves bring all the material and pile it up there to begin with. After that, they begin a wall at some distance all round the mound—you see them at it, now."

"That doesn't look quite like a wall," said Mary, puzzled, "it's all being woven together, with a sort of fibre stuff."

"You're quite right," agreed the Sentry, "that's how we make walls, here. Look, after the fibres are all very closely woven another company arrives, the 'Elfin Cementers' and they cover it by their special process, so that it hardens into a very shiny thin wall."

"Can we get in behind it and see what they're doing?" asked Bob with sparkling eyes.

"You can run up that ladder if you like," said the Sentry, "We're very pleased for you to see everything. The more you know about the making of Ivory Castles, the more care you will take of your own! There!—now you see the elves are all working between the wall and the heap in the middle. The whole Castle is made up of long passages, closely packed together side by side. These are called Dentine Tubes; and through these passages the Elves bring the materials from the middle to the outside walls."

"What have all those dear little wheelbarrows got in them?" exclaimed Jennifer. "Look!" as a train of elves gaily ran in pushing loaded barrows. "With great care," "Don't crush," "Urgent," "Immediate," said the labels on the parcels.

"That," said the Sentry rather solemnly "is one of the most important things for us builders. It's called 'Lime Salts' and you can't build strong castles without it. We hardly ever get enough of it; you wouldn't believe the trouble builders have, when the owners of the Castles, like you for instance, don't send supplies of the right materials."

"Do you know," said Mary "that I'm afraid I don't know what 'Lime Salts' are? I know about teeth being Ivory Castles, and that they grow like this: but where do we get lime salts, and how do we send them to the builders? Have I got any in my Ivory Castles?"

"You're all right," answered the Sentry with an approving glance—"I shouldn't think there had been any skimping over materials in your building. Yes—lime salts you get in brown bread, green vegetables and milk; and if you eat plenty of them you send the workmen exactly what they want for good shiny work."

"Supposing there aren't enough what-you-call-ems," suggested Bob. "What happens—do they stop working?"

"No, they don't stop, because the castle has to be finished somehow," answered the Sentry, "they have to make do with what they can get. But it ends in poor weak work that makes trouble for its owner sooner or later."

The elves had been working away very fast all this time and the hundreds of passages were laid carefully in place, a beautiful and solid building, everything so carefully planned and fitted that not any space was wasted. In the centre was the great hall, thronged with elves, and here they had their telephone exchange through which they could send and receive messages from all over and round the castle and summon help if Giant Decay should attack and get through.

"Suppose you come in now," said the Sentry, for the children found it difficult to turn away from the jolly little elves. "I want you to see how the outside of the castle is done: first of all, you

must understand that it is very important to have a good hard smooth surface on the outer walls because then it can be kept perfectly clean by the help of Gibbs Fairies, and none of Decay's Imps (or Caries Imps) can get a foothold on it: so this is what we do."

"Diamond bricks!" cried Jennifer. "Look how they sparkle—aren't they lovely?"

"No, not diamonds," said the Sentry, very pleased at her admiration all the same, "they are little blocks of the very finest and hardest enamel that can be made—and they are fitted one on top of the other, like a lot of little tiny chimneys, so closely together that you can't find a join anywhere in the whole glittering surface."

"What I want to know," said the irrepressible Bob, "is why is this Castle down underground, and the others up—like out-of-doors?"

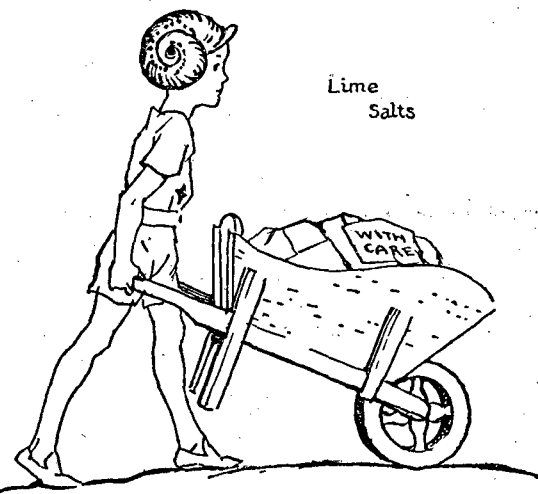
"All the castles are made underground," said the Sentry, "exactly under the places where they are to stand."

This one is a Permanent Castle and was begun long before the first castle (the Temporary Castle it was called) was lost. Lost, did I say?" he interrupted himself sternly, "I should say, ruined and had to be taken away. However, that's all done with now and all the country around has been made sweet and clean. Now we are going to move this new castle into that space, and there will then be a beautiful row of perfect Ivory Castles."

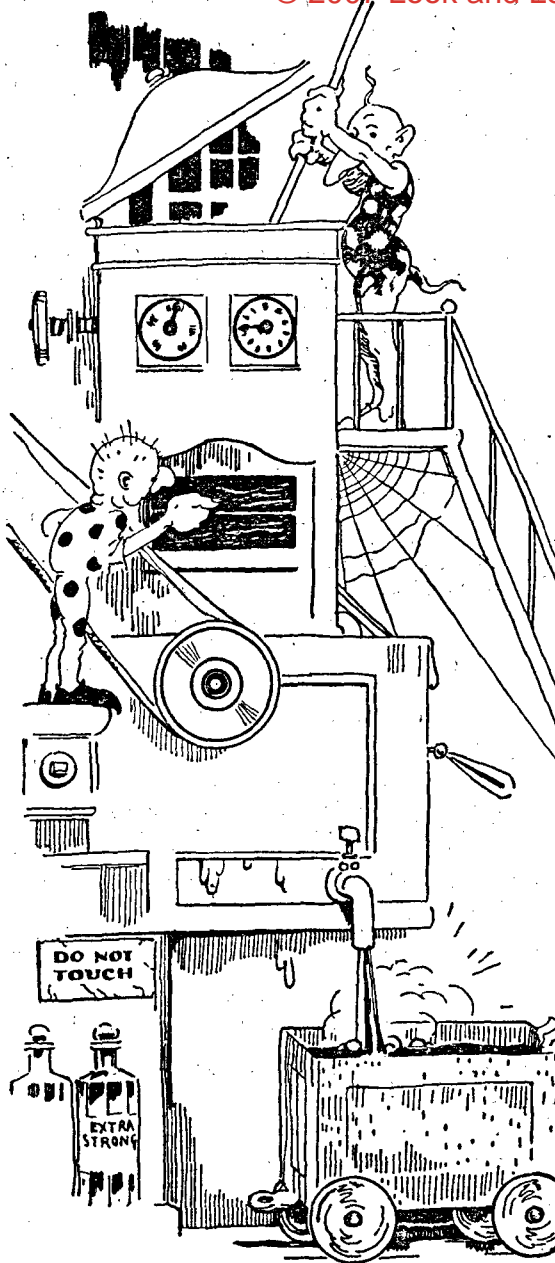
"OO- I say! can we see that too?" cried Bob and Jennifer in a duet of excited voices.

"Yes," said the Sentry "Skip up the subway and climb the hillock opposite, you'll get a good view there. Hurry, because we are moving it up this morning in double quick time—the gap must be filled."

Scurrying along the subway the children could hear the elves gathering on all sides for their "big push"—thousands and thousands and thousands of them, all very fit and happy for they knew their castle was strong and beautiful and with care would last for ever. As indeed it would need to do, for there never is another castle to take the place of a Permanent Castle when it is lost.







prevents Decay's Imps from alighting on them—these Caries Imps can only stay where there is some dirt."

"It seems as though nothing could hurt the castles," said Mary "when they're so well guarded."

"Ha!" exclaimed the Archer, "but sometimes, I'm sorry to say, they *aren't* well guarded! Do you see there?" and he pointed to the "Tourist" that Mary had noticed before. "That fellow could tell you a tale! I'll call him—Hi! there! Will you come up here for a minute? I want you to tell these young people the story of your life!"

"I can't bear it," murmured the poor little thing sadly: "Still it's on my mind all the time so it will be no worse to tell you!"

"I *knew* he had something on his mind," thought Mary. "It will do him good perhaps to tell us." And she smiled at him encouragingly and they settled down on the hill facing the new and beautiful Castle to listen to his tale.

## The downfall of the Sentry of the Temporary Ivory Castle

"I haven't always been as you see me now," he began with a deep sigh. "You may have guessed that from the nickname the Caries Imps have given

Giant Decay made the castle into a Poison factory



I shall never stop being ashamed of my part in it. But the Castle Owner didn't seem to care *what* happened to us. After that time however he began to feel the difference. As soon as Giant Decay got in he began making alterations, breaking down some of the beautiful ivory walls and making the rest black and horrid looking.

Then he started making poison in the Castle. Oh, the sneers and jeers of the nasty imps as they worked with a will to do all the harm they could, sending the poison away in every direction all over the Owner's land. And then that careless Owner began to have a pain in his tooth; and then indigestion and headaches; and he felt tired, and he didn't make any runs at cricket and found his lessons frightfully hard. And then he had such an awful pain in his tooth that his mother took him to see Mr. Welcome, the Dentist.

"Ah," said he, "I'm afraid this Ivory Castle has been turned into a *poison* factory, and I must take it right away at once, so that it can't do any more harm."

"Oh! to think that I should ever have been glad to see my dear castle taken away by force like that! And we *were* so proud of it, when it was new! But I *was* glad, all the same, for all the wicked Imps were taken away with it and the poison, and I knew there would be more safety for the new castle, already being built out of sight under the other.

"But I am wretched. I have no castle, no home—Giant Decay has me in his power. He made me work in the band of Caries Imps, disguised as tourists. He thought we could get into the new castle behind you children, and then that I, knowing the castle plan, could have been made to take the Imps to the secret doors!—But I'll be *decayed* first!"

"It makes me savage, to think that if our Castle Owner had only sent us enough help by Gibbs Fairies, I might at this moment have been a proud Sentry in a new Permanent Castle—and here I am, prisoner of the most detestable giant, who tries to force me to injure the Castles that I love."

"Oh, I *am* sorry for you," said Mary, for she couldn't help feeling that the ex-sentry was a noble fellow at heart and that it wasn't *his* fault really that his castle was taken.

"Can't you ever get away from Giant Decay and back into one of the Castles?"

"I don't think it's likely," said 'Haz-been' sadly. "I shouldn't dare even to imagine such happiness now!"

"The Archer might be able to do something," suggested Mary, "couldn't you?" she asked, for the Archer was still sitting beside them watching a castle in the distance through his field glasses.

"What's that?" said the Archer. "Well, well, I don't know about it; might manage something; there would be a good many objections, you know. And anyhow it wouldn't be much of a job, naturally, considering his record!"

"If there was the slightest fraction of a chance," began the ex-sentry, "I wouldn't care what it was—if I could clean the elves' shoes and tools—just *anything* to get back and a chance to make good again."

"We'll do what we can," promised the Archer, "see me tomorrow."

"Thank you, sir! I am most grateful to you all. You may be sure I shall not let you down."

And after bowing to Mary and saluting the Archer, he left them; already looking happier and more hopeful.

Bob had taken the field glasses and now he called out, "I can see Dick!—he's coming at last!" "Yes," said the Archer, "he will have something to tell you—I've been watching that castle and there's been some fighting going on!"

## Gibbs Archer takes charge of the New Castle

"IT'S a lovely, perfect castle, exactly like a fairy tale," said Mary, after they had watched the gleaming towers of the Castle slowly and surely rising into their proper place. "They are good builders!"

"Three cheers for the elves," cried Bob. "Hurrah—hurrah! HURRAH," and he started cheering bravely by himself, with a little help from Jennifer's tiny voice.

"Thank you very much, children," said a pleasant voice. "I shall have much pleasure in telling the elves how you appreciate their good work."

"Oh, it's just lovely," said Mary again, and looking round she saw standing by them a tall figure in close-fitting pink tunic; he carried a long silver bow and a quiver of silver arrows.

"You—you're surely Gibbs Archer," she asked hesitatingly, a little awestruck by his handsome, splendid appearance. "Yes, at your service, little lady," came the reply with such a winning smile that all the children fell in love with him all over again. "I am the guardian of the Ivory Castles. My work is to look after the Castles when the elves have pushed them into the open, and to see that Giant Decay isn't allowed to come near. Also to summon the pink fairies and direct them in protecting the walls. They are great friends of mine—as they are of yours."

"What a lot of work you must have to do," said Mary, while Bob was gazing at the Archer in great admiration; "to look after all these Castles every day and night!"

"I couldn't do it at all but for the fairies," smiled the Archer "any more than a General can win battles without soldiers and sailors and airmen, to say nothing of ammunition. But Gibbs fairies are equal to anything."

"Wouldn't the castles *keep* shiny by themselves?" asked Jennifer "when they're started clean?"

"No," replied the Archer. "They have to be kept clean. The elves cannot do this for they have their own work inside the castle. You see, when you eat sweets and cakes and other soft or sticky food, little bits stay on the walls of the castle. But when the Gibbs fairies come round (as they do whenever you rub your wet toothbrush on the dentifrice) they clear away any spot of dirt that might have stuck on the walls. That

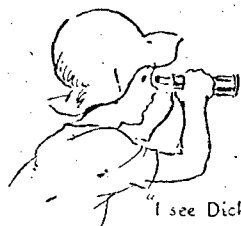
me—'Haz-been.' Once I was a sentry myself, of the Ivory Castle that stood where this new one stands: it was called a Temporary Castle, because the builders knew it would be replaced by a larger and stronger one. But it was just as beautiful as this, made in the same way: all gone! all gone!" And the poor creature sighed so heavily that it was some time before he could go on.

"Yes! I was the sentry: next to the Archer's" (here he saluted the Archer smartly). "Mine was the most important job of all. I was proud and happy. The elves inside the castle worked well: the castle was perfect outside and in. The Archer and fairies were my constant friends and companions. Then began the trouble: The Owner of the Castle grew lazy! He slacked. Sometimes he sent only once a day for the Gibbs fairies to clean the walls: sometimes he wouldn't send them at all! Then he was stupid. And after the fairies had been round at night time, he would eat sweets or biscuits in bed, and so undo all their work. The next thing was, that he stopped sending fairies for days together! The walls grew dingy and began to give off a queer gas that made me quite ill; every elf in the castle felt it. The walls grew dirtier and dirtier. I got weaker and weaker, and one day, when I was nearly unconscious, a party of Caries Imps (the Imps that Decay sends out) got on to the dirty walls, stuck there, and began to make a hole. Frantically our telephone service sent message after message to the Castle Owner but no help came: and every day more Caries arrived and the damage was more and more. We called and 'phoned and wired to the Owner. The Archer tried time and again to make him take notice, but without avail. We were all longing and hoping to see the pink fairies appear to help us fight our enemy. But they never came, and we were all ill and miserable. Finally, when Giant Decay arrived I didn't try to resist him! No! He took me prisoner and then broke in. Oh! dreadful! dreadful! Would that I could forget the scenes that followed! The slaughter of the wonderful little elves! How bravely they fought!



"I am sorry" said Mary





## The Defeat of Giant Decay

"HALLO, Hallo!" cried Dick rather breathlessly. "Sorry if I kept you waiting Mary! I've had a ripping time I can

tell you. Oh! the Archer's here too. How fast you get about, you were at the castle only a little while ago."

"We've been seeing building," said Bob "and the Sentry, and the new Castle!" "And I've seen an attack by Decay and his Imps," retorted Dick. "Tell them about it while you remember it," said the Archer.

"Well, you know," began Dick, full of his tale, "I met some of the elves outside the castle (you saw me stop because I looked round and waved to you) and they seemed as though they wanted to be very friendly, but said I must first go with them to the Guard Room whilst they made enquiries. I went in and they telephoned to where they had seen you people go and then said it was all right—that we were evidently under the protection of Gibbs—and consequently their friends and allies.

It seemed rather as if something was up; we had just got into a big hall, when suddenly the 'phone buzzed like anything, and they'd got a message through to say that the Caries Imps were coming! "The Elves did get on to the job quickly, I can tell you! They poured out of every passage and were sent in companies to different parts of the castle. There were lots of 'phone messages and orders, but they kept pretty calm considering.

"Everything was deathly still outside, and we knew the Caries Imps were creeping up quietly, hoping to surprise us. I said to one of the Elves 'What are we going to do about it? Can I help?' and he said, 'We've done all the proper things—we've put all the Elves on guard, and we've summoned the Archer. Now we've got to hold on, till we get help from outside. If you want to see the fight, you'll have to slip out down below through the secret way and come up in the grounds,' and so I scooted down and came up behind a pink rock where I could see everything.

The Caries Imps were disgusting looking creatures, and they'd got saws and all the cutting and scratching things you can imagine, to smash the Ivory walls. It was difficult for them, because it was a really clean castle generally; just happened, I suppose, somehow, that there was a dirtyish place; the Owner had been slacking a little bit. Anyhow, the walls were pretty tough. But the Imps were hacking away at such a rate that I began to think there would be a hole right through in no time!

The Elves were putting up extra defences inside, but they can't fight outside. Another great black cloud of Imps came along now, and the whole place seemed swarming with them. In the distance I saw a beastly figure riding on some evil-looking animal. I knew it was Giant Decay urging on his Caries Imps and I wondered why the Archer didn't do something about it! Then, just when an extra fierce lot of Caries Imps were squirming up the walls, I heard the Archer's silver bugle blow! And the Gibbs Fairies began to arrive!

That weakened the Imps at once, for the Fairies brought a nice fresh clean sort of feeling which seemed to upset their enemies very much. However, there were such swarms of Imps that they backed each other up, yelling and shouting—and my word they do yell—and went on with their hacking, until the fairies actually swooped down on them! Then they did stop, and tried to defend themselves! But you could see at once that they had lost most of their strength. The Fairies went for them! And they went over and under them! And then they got between the walls and the Imps and fairly swept them off. You couldn't see that the fairies had any weapons but their wands, but there must have been magic or something in them,

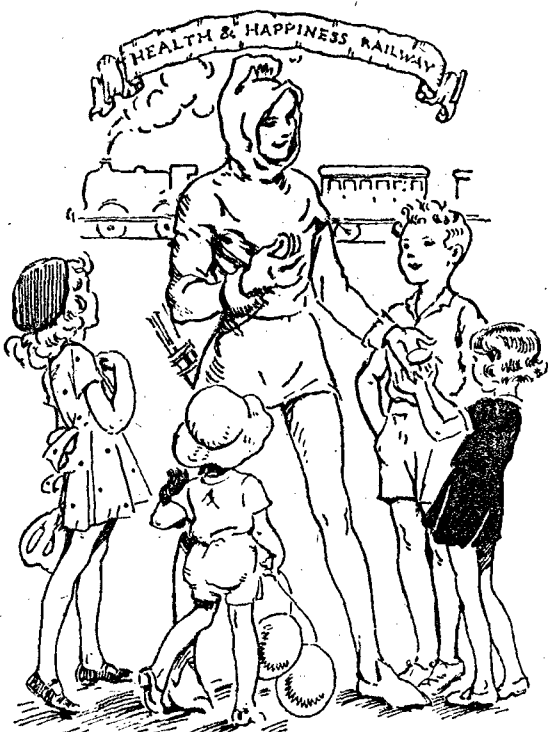
and the fairies knew how to use them! Giant Decay, like the bully and coward he is, went slouching away. The Caries Imps came tumbling off the towers, and were poked out of corners, till there wasn't one of the poisonous creatures touching the surface at all. Crowds more fairies kept on coming, till the last company had no fighting to do at all; just cleared up and took



The defeat of the coward, Giant Decay, and his Imps.

away the rubbish! Then they gave the walls a special polish all over. The clean fresh feeling grew and grew until it was like being on the seashore with the breeze blowing and the sun shining on white ivory cliffs .... And that was that," finished Dick.

"That was a good story, and you told it well Dick," said the Archer. "You've all had a rather



"Season Tickets"

exciting time among the Ivory Castles and now I suppose I ought to send you home!"

"Thank you so much for everything," said Mary. "We've had a simply marvellous time; and I've learnt lots about Ivory Castles too."

"There's plenty more for you to learn," smiled the Archer, "but not to-night."

"Of course we ought to have been home ages ago," Mary went on, "whatever will they think?" "It must be to-morrow afternoon by now," said Jennifer, getting a little mixed.

"It's not so long as you think," said the Archer cheerfully. "This place is 'just between times,' and you'll get back at the next second to the one in which you went away. I shall send you home by the H. & H. Line. Here are your tickets" (they were big and round and silvery), "they are 'Seasons.' Use them regularly and you can travel on the Health & Happiness Line as long as you have them."

Up came the little trains—they were so small that the children had one each, but they were very comfortable, with pink velvet cushions and silver handles to the doors.

"Good-bye Mary—Good-bye Dick—Good-bye everybody," called the Archer. "First stop Home! They know the way. See you again soon," and he waved good-bye as the little trains whirled them away through bright little tunnels, over little bridges and under little arches; at last they drew up at a platform and the children almost reluctantly got out.

"I should like to go on my train some more," said Jennifer, patting her cushions affectionately. "Well, why not?" said Dick, "they're season tickets!" "Hullo, just look—my ticket has turned into a box of Gibbs Dentifrice! A big one, too! It must have been a first-class ticket!"

"It's a good thing there doesn't seem to be a ticket collector at this station," said Bob, "so we can keep them."

"The funniest thing is," said Mary, slightly bewildered, "that this isn't a station at all. We are still in the 'bus that brought us from the Fair. It's stopped just at the end of our lane, under the sign post!"

## The Land of Health and Happiness

SUCH a chatter about Ivory Castles when they reached home! Building castles, defending castles—clean castles—dirty castles—the Sentry, the Archer, Decay and Imps and Elves and Fairies!

"You've all plenty of imagination anyway," chuckled Daddy when he heard their story. "It's as healthy as the rest of your make-up!"

"But we didn't imagine about having Ivory Castles for teeth," cried Bob indignantly. "Or about Giant Decay trying to spoil them!" "That's true."

"Nor about Gibbs Fairies keeping them clean and driving off the Imps," said Dick, "because I've seen it myself."

"Nor about using Gibbs Dentifrice being the way to Health and Happiness," put in Mary. "Mummy has told us that was so ever since she was a little girl."

"True enough, certainly," said Mummy, "you seem to know all the most important things about Ivory Castles and Teeth. You have had an exciting day. I wonder what else will happen before you go to bed!"

"I'll tell you!" said Dick laughing, "crowds and crowds of Gibbs Fairies are going to be let out of our Gibbs Dentifrice boxes!"

And the Children all shouted in chorus:

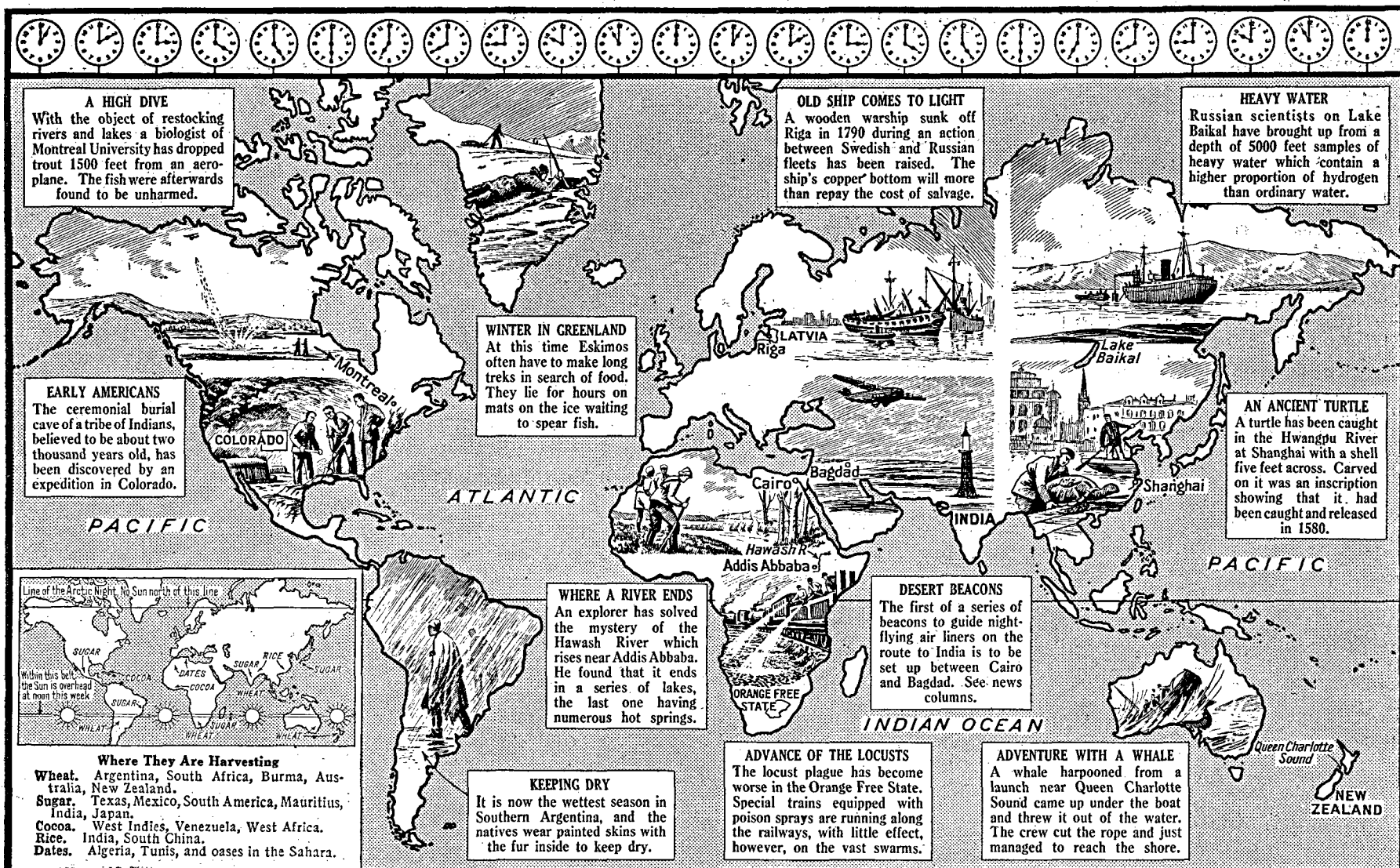
"YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES. DEFEND THEM WITH GIBBS DENTIFRICE."

Three Cheers for the Keepers of the Ivory Castles!"

Gibbs Dentifrice Solid Cakes in tins 7½d., 1/- and 1/6; Gibbs Tooth Paste in Tubes 6d. and 1/-.



# PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



## HIGH BUILDINGS AND TRAFFIC

### What Happens With "Streets on End"

The Earl of Dudley the other day, in urging the case for high town building, said:

The time has arrived when every possible stimulus should be given to the rebuilding of Central London and other large cities. An increase in the height of buildings, intelligently utilised, can do much to rectify the ill-balance between built-up space and street or garden area.

But high buildings, unless accompanied by a great addition to unbuilt town area, greatly increase traffic congestion.

We see this clearly in the heart of American cities, where the skyscrapers stand. Each skyscraper is a street placed on end, and when the high building pours its inhabitants into the street, an unmanageable congestion arises.

Traffic in New York is now so bad that the visitor is always advised to travel underground.

## THE POSTCARD CALENDAR

Many of our readers know how good was the 1934 engagement calendar of English Glances, the calendar which can stand or hang, and even serves as postcards when its days are done.

There are no less than 26 charming glimpses of England in the new calendar for 1935, all stiffened and printed for postcard use, a postcard for every fortnight. The glimpses are often unusual, and all show a peculiar aspect of our country's charm—the children dancing on the green, the shadow tracery of Canterbury Cloisters in sunlight, the packhorse bridge and the cottage, our towers and spires and flowering Spring. Between all these is room for noting any number of engagements.

If your bookseller does not stock this excellent 3s worth the English Glances Calendar can be bought from its designer, Mr William Beecroft, 9 Romilly Road, London, N.4.

## STICK TOGETHER As It Happens in the Mine

It is worth while to recall, even though late, what Mr David Jones, one of the miners who escaped from the Gresford Colliery disaster, said in telling his story at the Ministry of Mines inquiry.

He began work at 9.40 p.m. on the fatal night. Then, he said: "Suddenly I heard a loud blast like the sound of a bursting air pipe, which threw me off my feet. I lost my light and the boy lost his. When I came to I said, We are in a nice mess, aren't we?"

"There was gas about. I could feel it in my head. We could not get to a door because of it. I told the men we were in a trap and we had to get out of it. I told them, there was just a chance, and Fisher said, Let's take it; if we fail we have tried. He went in front of us, wafting his shirt, and then we came to a ladder. My legs were beginning to go because of the gas.

"Andrews said, Let's stick together, lads; and we all shook hands. We went up the ladder in the airshaft, and I revived a little. We went on toward the main road, and on the way stumbled over the body of a horse."

And so—up and out. Thus have men worked and suffered and died ever since King Coal reigned among us.

## TURKEY'S MUSIC

Not content with banishing the fez, unveiling women, and Latinising the Turkish alphabet, Mustapha Kemal, Dictator of Turkey, has decided that Turkish music must no longer wail mournfully, but must be brought into line with the "technique of modern Western harmony."

We wonder what this means! How far modern is the change to be? Is it to be harmony as understood by Beethoven or Wagner, or are the Turks to be affrighted by those modern instrumental noises which Mr Lloyd George has happily compared to the music of the pigstye?

## TRADE UP AND UP Best Month For Four Years

British exports rose to £36,748,000 in October. This was excellent, for it was the best monthly figure since January 1931. Here are the ups and downs in exports since then:

January 1931	.. ..	£37,563,000
January 1932	.. ..	£31,123,000
September 1932	.. ..	£26,200,000
October 1933	.. ..	£34,130,000
October 1934	.. ..	£36,748,000

Imports were also better, giving hope to our shipping trade.

The proportion of British exports taken by the Britains oversea again increased in the first nine months of this year, reaching 46 per cent of the whole. This is a very great factor in British trade revival and explains our recovery. No other country has such special opportunity.

Of our total British exports of £289,000,000 in January-September 1934, as much as £133,000,000 went to British possessions. British exports to foreign countries fell this year while those to British possessions rose.

## FIRST TRAIN ON MOSCOW'S UNDERGROUND

Moscow's first underground train has had its first run, and the population is full of hope that, with the beginning of the new year, the endless waits at tram stops will come to an end and people will be able to get about town with no more difficulty than they do in London, New York, or Paris—in tubes, underneath.

The section of the line which is due to be opened in January is eight miles long, and seventy thousand men and women are working at top speed to complete it by that time.

The rolling stock, Russian built, is copied from American models, the passenger carriages having two double doors on each side.

## BEACONS FOR THE DESERT

### Guides For Flyers By Night MORSE TO DIRECT AIRMEN

The Belisha Beacon is for us all; the Aga Beacon is for the flying-man. It is now being erected in the deserts of Asia.

These new devices really deserve the name of beacons, for they are being put up to guide the airmen in as efficient a way as lighthouses guide sailors.

The first of the series, which is to be erected in the Syrian Desert between Cairo and Baghdad, will have a range of 80 miles owing to the clearness of the atmosphere. In England its range would be about half that distance.

The beacons will be more than indications of the route, for by the use of the Morse Code they will send signals to the airman to inform him whether he is flying on a correct course or whether he is unconsciously drifting to right or left.

For example, if he sees two quick flashes followed by another quick flash after a pause he will realise that he must steer more to the right, but if he sees three evenly-spaced longer flashes he will know that he is on the right course. Each beacon will be identifiable by a red light flashing a Morse letter from its top.

No sandstorm can put these lamps out of action, for they are specially sealed against this plague of desert places. An automatic lamp exchanger is installed in order that a new lamp can come into action immediately the first one fails.

These lamps, known as Aga Beacons, for some reason we do not know, are of 1,800,000 candle-power. They will be invaluable on the new airways of the Empire.

See World Map

**Pity the Poor Pit Pony**  
And buy your coal from the  
mechanical transport mine



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 8 1934

## What We Have Done

LOOKING back on the year that is coming to a close we have not a little to be thankful for. For us the year has seen the beginning of the turning of the tide and a remarkable rise in our national credit.

It is not the fault of this country that the tide has not begun to turn for all nations, and the C.N. believes it should be plainly said that the fact that dark clouds hang over Europe is mostly due to the failure of other countries to follow our example.

We yield to none in our conviction of the great power of our country, but we are not among those who believe we have not done our share, or that we should make ourselves weak when brute force is so strong in the world. We believe it is due to our people and to our Government to say that they have done their utmost to save the world from the menace of war and the burden of arms.

We hear at times that we might have said this or said that, but if we might have said more we could hardly have done more, and it is deeds that rule the world.

What is it that we have done? *We have gone farther with disarmament than any other great nation has ever dreamed of doing.*

Let us take our chief arm of defence, the Navy, and compare it in the year the war broke out with now. What we have done is to cut our Navy in two, decreasing its tonnage by 48 per cent.

Let us take our Army, never a big one. In 1914 we had 185,600 men; the last figures showed us to have 148,700, so that we have cut it down by a fifth.

Let us take the Air Force in 1918 when our first-line strength was 3300. Today it is 850, so that we have cut down our air strength by 70 per cent.

The Army cut down by nearly a quarter, the Navy by nearly a half, and the Air Force by nearly three-quarters—it is something for a little island which has never two months food supply within its gates and has a far-flung Empire to defend.

It is not our British way to boast of what we do, but it is more than time that a word was said for a nation which has done these things in a world increasingly threatened by force and the rising of dictators everywhere.

The C.N. is delighted to see that our Government has again assured the world that it is not weakening one iota in its love of peace or in its support of the League; and it believes that there is yet hope that the nations of Europe may be persuaded, before it is too late, to follow in the path we have laid down.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Case in Point

IF we wish to understand what has happened to hundreds of thousands of our brave workers let us note the following facts from Lanarkshire:

1927. Coal output 12,860,000 tons, produced by 41,963 miners.

1933. Coal output 8,607,000 tons, produced by 25,132 miners.

These are facts more eloquent than any words.

## Inflammable Toys

DESPITE protests, our manufacturers continue to sell inflammable toys.

The other day a little child of 16 months was burned to death through a rattle bursting into flames as she played with it before the fire.

When will our Home Office take steps to prevent these awful disasters by stopping the sale of inflammable toys, inflammable garments, and inflammable domestic articles? Their name is legion and their danger is terrible.

## The Good Name Better Than Rubies

WE speak elsewhere of the life of Dr Wallis Budge, who has passed on after 77 years in this world, but we remember here a story he told of his bargaining for a treasure for the British Museum. There was no time to settle matters, and the native owner relieved the Englishman of his anxiety by saying, "Take it away with you, and send me the money from England when you like."

That is a thing that thrilled the English traveller everywhere in the happy days that used to be. A sad day it will be for us if, in this turmoil of the world, we lose that trust without which not all the treasures in this kingdom can make us truly great.

## A Good Thing From Germany

A NOTABLE feature of the Hitler régime in Germany is the official discountenance of class.

It will be deeply interesting to observe whether Nazi war on class distinctions will prove to be real and successful. Much more than here, caste has been pronounced among the German peoples, and a Germany without caste would be an excellent novelty.

Certainly the new idea seems to be embodied in the Nazi laws and customs. Every young German, whether boy or girl, is now compelled to work hard for the nation for six months. This is a labour conscription, and it applies to all, rich and poor.

These experiments in statecraft and work should be carefully watched. There is both good and bad in what is being done in Germany and elsewhere, and we should not allow prejudice to colour our views. There is not nearly enough in the world of copying good things wherever they may be found.

## Two Scandals

ONE of our travelling correspondents has brought us two stories of two shops, one in York and one in Harrogate.

The York story is a little scandalous, telling us of a sort of Bottomley Junior or a Stavisky Junior who asked for a halfpenny worth of sweets. They were served to him. "Here you are, Tommy," said the shopkeeper. "Where is your halfpenny?" "Under the weight," said Tommy, and disappeared.

The Harrogate story is a little scandalous too, for it is this—that the keeper of a cakeshop killed a fly on a tea-cake and left it in the window (looking like a currant, we presume).

## The Burning Flame

THE dragooning of most of the rest of the world has passed us by and once again in England the flame of liberty burns almost alone.

Canon Streeter

## Tip-Cat

A POLICEWOMAN got married the other day. Her husband said she arrested his attention.

Most people long for a dear little cottage. But they would prefer a cheap one.

It is said of a young man that as a Member of Parliament he soon made his mark. Pity he hadn't been taught to write.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know



If old fishermen get crabby

THE sting of a bee is good for rheumatism. It's worth taking pains to get cured.

THE boys of a certain school are supposed to attend the swimming-baths once a week. But some of them prefer to get into hot water.

PEOPLE who are always removing must be rather shift.

A LITTLE boy, who was going to the Zoo was taken ill. They should have waited till he was better.

BE careful when you buy a house, says a writer. Don't be taken in.

## THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

TWO homeless little Britons have been brought 2000 miles from Cairo to Dr Barnardo's.

MR J. S. ELIAS raised £100,000 for the Printers Pension Fund at the dinner the other night.

BY pressing a button in New Zealand Lord Bledisloe has launched a new ship at Belfast.

## JUST AN IDEA

What is this thing called Genius if not what Carlyle called it, the clearer presence of God Most High in a man?

## The Cheerful Day

The Cheerful Day. By H. L. Gee. Methuen. 3s 6d.

Would you be cheerful in these hard times? Would you wake up blithely in the morning and carry on calmly whatever comes?

Then read this little book by H. L. Gee. We know Mr Gee. His schoolboys at Bridlington know him better still. He is brave in sorrow and steadfast in adversity, and he stands in front of trouble like a man who is the master of his soul.

And he is cheerful. Once we wrote of our Wonderful Day and tried to follow it with a Cheerful Day, but failed. Mr Gee has succeeded, and we commend this little book to all who are miserable and all who are glad. We take these five days from its 365.

## Open the Door

A friend of mine says he abominates all mottoes except one, and this one he keeps ever before him. It is:

*Fear knocked at the door. Faith opened it, and there was no one there.*

## It Did Not Happen

Here is the negative good of a plain man's ordinary day:

Did not fall out of bed.  
Not drowned in the bath.  
No bad news by post.  
Train not missed.  
Not run over at the corner.  
Office not destroyed by earthquake.  
Not dismissed for theft.  
Friend not dead.  
Business down, but not as far as it might be.

## The Great Task

Perhaps you have heard that story of the builders of St Paul's Cathedral, and of how a visitor asked one of the workmen what he was doing. Cutting stone, he replied, not looking up.

And what are you doing? the visitor asked, addressing another workman. He answered that he was earning so many shillings a week.

And you?

The third looking up, said, Sir, I am helping to build a cathedral.

## To a Little Servant Girl

Dear Princess of the Scullery, Sweet Cinderella, be patient.

Of course, life is hard sometimes. It is hard for you and it is hard for me, but we have to hope, and pray, and work for something better. You do a noble work, my dear. If you clean the inside as well as the outside of the pan-lids; if you go down on your knees singing; if, when unjustly treated, you keep back the rebellious passion; if you serve to the point of sacrifice because of that mother of yours at home, noble Joan of Arc of the twentieth century, great is your reward, and happy are you. Do your duty bravely, and be happy.

## She Knew

I love that story of a lady who at a grand dinner in New York was sitting next to a professor of science. "Yes," she said in reply to a query, "the Bible says so."

"The Bible?" asked the professor; "you don't believe the Bible?"

"Oh yes," was the quiet answer. "I believe it. You see, I know the author." Think about it.



## INDIA TO RULE ITSELF

### THE GREAT PLAN BEFORE PARLIAMENT

What the Government's Bill Will Propose

#### A TEN-YEAR PERIOD

We are approaching the time of a grave Imperial decision, for the chief task of Parliament during this session is the placing on the Statute Book of an Act which will give a Constitution to India.

Despite the elaborate preparations of the last few years it will be a task which has no precedent of equal magnitude. Representative committees of natives of India and of Englishmen have wrestled with the problems, seeking common ground on which to raise the new structure. There have been imaginative proposals such as the bringing of the Native States into a Federation with the British Provinces, and there have been compromises on the balance of voting power granted to the many ancient religious groups scattered over India.

#### The White Paper

These preliminary conferences ended in a document called the White Paper on India, and Parliament instructed a Committee to examine this White Paper and make recommendations on Constitutional Reform for India.

A big majority of this committee have agreed on the steps that should be taken, and the King's Speech announced that a Bill on the subject is to be forthwith presented to Parliament.

The Report opens with a clear description of what British rule has accomplished for India, and reiterates the declaration of 1919 that natives of India are to be associated in every branch of administration with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in British India as an integral part of the Empire.

#### A Federal Dominion

A great advance has been made in provincial responsibility for social services in India since 1919, but under the present system the Governor is responsible for law and order. The Committee report that except in cases affecting the tranquillity of a Province the responsibility for the police must in future rest with native ministers responsible to native legislatures.

British India is to be divided into 11 provinces which, with the States ruled by Indian potentates, should become a Federal Dominion with the Governor-General as representative of the King.

The Federal Parliament should be elected indirectly by the Provinces and should have representatives nominated by the States. This Federal Parliament should be responsible for tariffs, currency, and other matters affecting India as a whole; but the Governor-General should have special responsibility for Defence, Foreign Affairs, and the safeguarding of financial stability and credit. For instance, the Indian Government would be allowed to erect tariff walls against this country for trade but not for political purposes.

#### A Valuable Right

A valuable right suggested is that the new Legislatures of India should be granted power to ask the British Parliament for amendments of the Constitution after it has been working ten years. This will enable the franchise to be extended and further advance to be made toward full Dominion status.

The difficulty about a written Constitution is that it tends to become fixed. We at home make our laws as we need them, altering and adjusting them as required. Custom and tradition influence our self-government; but India has only in recent years become a self-conscious State, and safeguards are therefore necessary until the native Indian has gained full experience in self-government.

## MR COON SHARES THE CREAM

THIS story comes to us from America, where the clever little racoon is still fairly common.

A farmer found that his cow was being partially milked every night, and discovered that it was done by the agile front paws of a fine male racoon.

To break the wild creature of the milk-stealing habit the farmer set down a saucer of cream for him just inside the hole in the fence where he used to go in and out. Next morning the family hid in a shed to see what would happen.

Mr Coon came, discovered the cream, tasted it, began to lap it up eagerly; then he remembered his mate. He ran to the fence and apparently urged Mrs

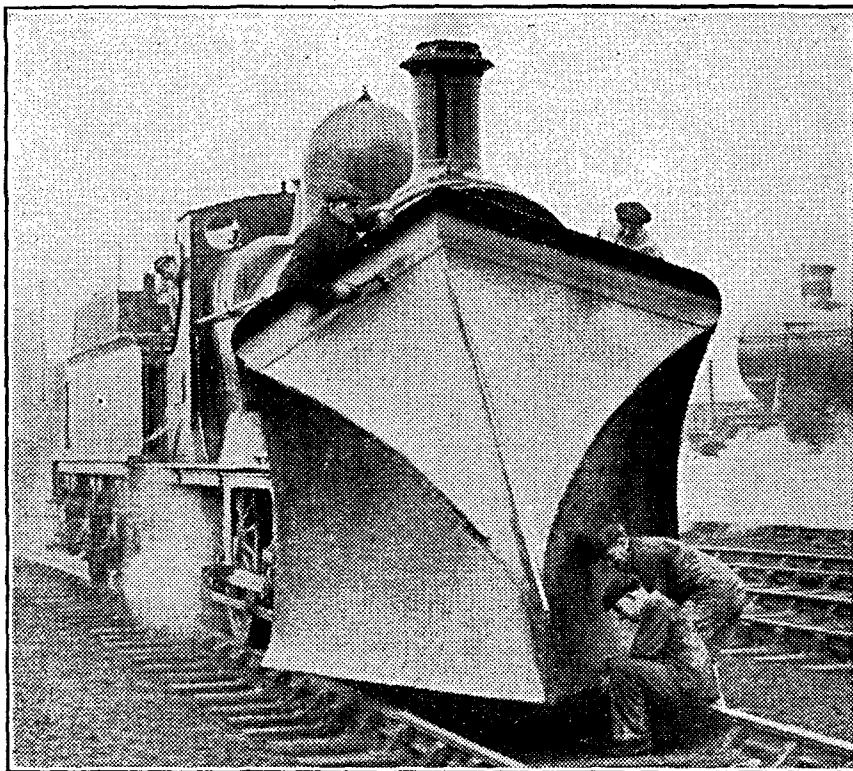
Coon to join him at his breakfast, but she was too shy to venture so near to man's works.

Mr Coon returned to the saucer and finished the fluid part of the cream, leaving the thick coating on the margin untouched. Then he picked the dish up in his teeth, dragged it to the fence, and tried to push it through the hole. The dish was too big for the high and narrow hole. He tried several times, before he was convinced that it was too large.

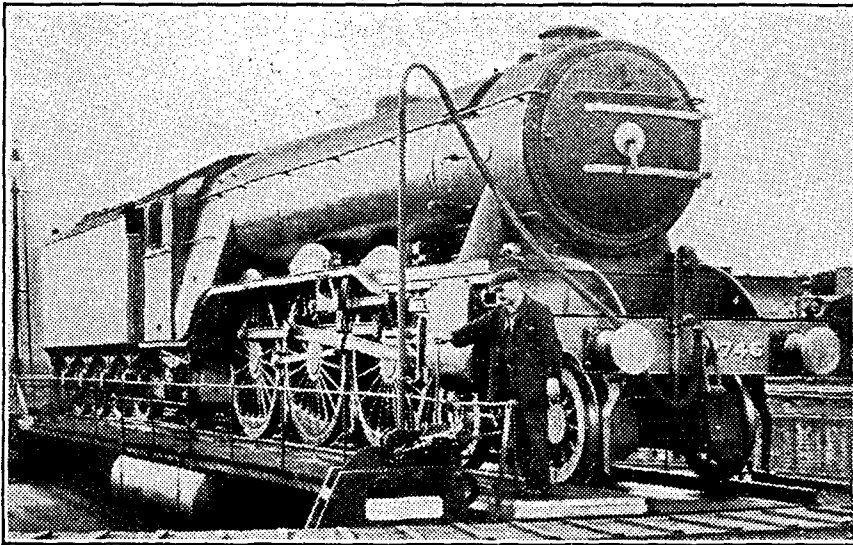
At last Mr Coon turned the saucer on edge, and with his clever little paws bowled it like a hoop through the hole.

Thus Mrs Coon had her first taste of real cream for breakfast.

## NEW SNOW-PLOUGH AND NEW TURNTABLE



A new snow-plough being fitted to an engine at Reading



Locomotives can now turn themselves round at King's Cross. The turntable shown here is operated by a machine which derives its power from the steam-pipe of the engine itself.

## A FENCE AT THE TOP

THERE is an old story about the two men who came to a precipice. "Very dangerous!" they exclaimed.

"Yes, there are sure to be accidents; let us build a First-Aid hut there at the bottom to help the injured," said one.

"How stupid!" said the other. "What is wanted is a fence at the top."

The Indian Red Cross has begun to build a fence at the top of the terrible precipice Blindness.

Everyone who goes to the East knows what a scourge blindness can be in hot countries, and the awful waste of human efficiency and happiness that is due to it where a spirit of fatalism prevails. They will realise better than others what patient work is needed for the building. The first railing was a booklet on the

prevention of blindness in India, put out by the Junior Red Cross, so that the schoolchildren might take home the glad tidings that it is worth while to keep the flies off baby's eyelids.

The second railing is a 3000-foot film, bearing the same message, in Urdu, Hindi, and English. This is an attempt to impress the masses of India with the fact that most cases of blindness are preventable, and it tells how.

The beginning shows what a blessing good eyes are to all who enjoy them, followed by brief scenes showing the tragedy of the eternal dark. The end emphasises the practical side, that eyesight is a high road to enjoying the beauties that God has flung across the Earth and sea and sky for our delight.

## THE MISERABLE NOVELIST OUTDONE

LIFE IS MORE THAN FICTION

The Man Who Lived Gloriously For the Most Forlorn

### DR TRAVERS AND THE LEPERS OF MALAY

The Russian writer Tchekoff tells a story of a young medical officer who found everything as bad as it could be in his provincial post.

He knew it was bad and intended to change it all, but somehow he never did. It is a depressing tale.

The story of Dr E. A. O. Travers is just the opposite; and his, we are glad to say, is the true one.

As a young man of 23, Dr Travers went out to the Malay Peninsula, where he lived and worked for a quarter of a century. He had been there only three years when he was appointed State-Surgeon at Kuala Lumpur. Here he found conditions much as they are described in the Russian writer's story. The Leper Asylum, especially, was indescribably bad.

#### A Complete Revolution

Supposed to care for 400 lepers, this place provided them neither with clothes nor with bedding; most of their food was stolen by a dishonest attendant before it reached them. No official dared to enter the colony unattended for fear of being attacked, while escaped members of the colony stole all they could lay hands on.

When Dr Travers saw how things were he said they must change. Then, unlike the Russian doctor in the story, he saw that they did. He effected a complete revolution in the Leper Colony of Kuala Lumpur in an incredibly short time. He not only did the obvious things with decision and courage, but he felt his way into the problem imaginatively, from the inmate's point of view.

#### The Quest of Hope

Patients flocked to him and, instead of having to try to prevent the inmates from escaping, he had trouble in finding places for all who came from far and near begging for the treatment that offered them hope. The death-rate in the colony fell to a quarter of what it had been.

With a vista opened toward the future the patients had heart for something other than trouble-making. If they might some day go forth healed and clean it became worth while to read and to study. They formed clubs, started reading-rooms, schools, dramatic societies, and orchestras.

From unsocial savages with their hand against the world these poor afflicted people became ordinary human beings in distress, all because Dr Travers put heart and soul into a piece of work a smaller man would have looked on as hopeless.

#### A Splendid Life

When all these reforms were effected Dr Travers was still unsatisfied. Kuala Lumpur, he felt, was no proper place for a Leper Asylum. These people should have a village of their own, in the country, where they could lead broader lives. Today the model village of Sungei Buloh, 18 miles out of town, built by the Government, stands as a monument to his heroic devotion and enlightened enthusiasm.

Last month, in Saffron Walden, death released the indomitable spirit of this splendid man for new adventures. He had served his three-score years and ten. The world seems poorer for his going, although it is richer by the memory of a life lived gloriously in the service of the most forlorn. We must all be grateful to Dr Travers for having given the lie to the gloomy imaginings of the Russian story-teller by the actual accomplishments of his splendid life.



## NOBLE ZACHARY MAN BEHIND THE SCENES

The Great Father of a Great  
and Famous Son

### HIS WORK FOR THE SLAVES

They were a fine company who fought and won the battle against Slavery—Clarkson, Sharp, Wilberforce, Buxton, gallant fighters all; but there is another who deserves to be named with them, Zachary Macaulay, who did his work chiefly behind the scenes.

It was his experience as a youth in Jamaica that made Zachary into a man with one aim in life, to do away with the slave trade.

### The G.H.Q. of the Liberators

He sailed from Glasgow in 1785 when he was 17, and settled in Jamaica for four years. He was book-keeper on a sugar plantation; and though at first he hated the things he saw he gradually grew accustomed to them; and would remember to his shame in after years how he took for granted customs which at first made his blood run cold.

At 21 he returned to London, where he was befriended by his brother-in-law, Thomas Babington, one of the men who, under the leadership of Wilberforce, were fighting the Slave Trade.

Babington lived at Rothley Temple in Lincolnshire. It became the holiday headquarters of the Liberators, and to that place, Zachary said afterwards, "I owe myself."

Mr Charles Booth, who has recently written the story of his life, says that one of the most important events in it was his appointment to the Council of the Sierra Leone Company. A large body of freed slaves from Nova Scotia was sent over to Sierra Leone; 1131 of them were landed in 1792 at Freetown. This venture, in which Zachary was engaged, marked the first beginnings of colonisation, as that word came to be used in the 19th century. The company was intended partly to give a refuge to slaves and partly to develop trade and commerce, and Zachary became the head of its work in Africa.

### Grim Memories of Freetown

It was not a success financially, but it proved a starting-point for the whole of British West African development. The years he spent there gave Zachary a complete knowledge of the slave trade on its African side. The settlers, however, gave him and his fellow-officers a good deal of trouble, perhaps because they had little or nothing to do. In June 1794 they raised an insurrection, which Zachary subdued. Three months later a French squadron appeared off the coast. Freetown was pillaged.

The settlers ran away into the woods, and returned by night to share in the looting. The French stayed a fortnight, long enough to destroy most of the buildings of the new society. But as soon as they left Zachary began to rebuild.

He was sent home on sick leave and returned only to hand over his governorship to another.

### His Happy Home Life

Back in England, he gave the rest of his life to the fight against slavery. He was the recognised authority on it, and became Permanent Under-Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Department. He never lost heart in the long campaign, and he lived to see the victory.

His home life was happy and full of interest. He had nine children, the eldest of whom, Thomas, became the great Lord Macaulay. They were a lively and talkative family. Once their mother begged them to let their father and mother have a little peace. "Let our children talk, Selina," he said, "we shall know them better by what comes out than by what stays in."

## DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S POCKETS

FULL OF SWEETS FOR  
CHILDREN

The King's Son's Call at Ooldea  
To See the Black Folk

### TEN MINUTES AT ZANTHUS

A fortnight ago we gave a photograph of the Duke of Gloucester chatting with our Australian correspondent, Mrs Daisy Bates.

Now we hear from Mrs Bates herself concerning the Duke's stop at Ooldea during the train journey of 1686 miles from Perth to Adelaide. It is like her to say nothing at all of her own part in the affair as spokesman of Ooldea's greetings.

A fine horse was saddled waiting for the Duke, that he might stretch his muscles after the dreary inaction of the long train journey by a gallop over the desert of the salt bush country.

### The Duke's Chat With Mrs Bates

But he stayed first to chat with Mrs Bates, and we can guess his admiration for this elderly lady coming to curtsy to him from her tent in the back of beyond, in her Edwardian coat and skirt and starched white collar, proudly wearing the insignia of a Commander of the British Empire. About half-a-mile from the line the aborigines she cares for entertained the Duke with singing and dancing and spear-throwing.

We learn something of this from the papers, but from Mrs Bates we learn of one way in which the King's son has touched the hearts of the Australians he came across on this long railway journey. He never forgot the children.

The sound of children's voices at any of the stopping-places sent him out to talk to them with hands and pockets filled with sweets. Each packet had a special inscription, and inside was the Duke's card, so that there was something left to keep as a souvenir of the royal visit even after the last sweet had gone.

### A Child's Voice

Once the train stopped at a siding at Zanthus just when the Duke was in the middle of his dinner. Grown-ups would not have minded waiting till he had finished, but he heard a child's voice, and at once jumped up, seized as many packets of sweets as he could hold, and was out of the train in a twinkling, giving the children the double treat of a prince and a present in one exciting moment, a prince, moreover, who seemed to enjoy talking to them as much as they to him. It was ten minutes before he got back to his dinner.

It is just as well that the request had been made that no presents should be given the Prince in return, or his carriage would have been overflowing with all sorts of odd gifts from these children of the bush and from aborigines. One aborigine had to be sadly disappointed, for he had prepared special boomerangs for the Duke, and suggested that he should stop and be given lessons in the throwing of these queer homing weapons!

### A LITTLE HOPE FOR THE HERRING MEN

At the eleventh hour an unexpected hope has come to our fishermen, who have had to dump their fish into the sea because there was no means of getting them to those who wanted them.

From Yarmouth the news comes that a market has been found for fresh herrings, which are packed in ice and sent to Poland. If the experiment continues to succeed an important outlet will have been found for the unwanted harvest of the sea.

This is not the only peep they are having of a silver lining in the sombre cloud. American buyers have been offering good prices for herrings, and they have reached 40s a cran.

## AN OLD IDEA COME BACK

How the Subsidy Works

We have been asked to explain the policy of subsidies widely adopted since the war.

A subsidy is money granted by a Government to aid a person or an institution doing work thought to be in the public interest and unable to carry on without support.

In 1925 we subsidised coal and we now pay subsidies for beet, wheat, milk, beef, and to our shipping.

Our sugar-beet industry is of comparatively late growth. The first important step to subsidise it was taken in 1922, and was excused on the ground of the desirability of reducing the country's dependence on overseas sugar and of mitigating unemployment.

### Sugar-Beet Industry

In 1925 a subsidy was granted for the period to October 1934. The subsidy, payable to the factories at fixed rates for each cwt of sugar, was coupled during the first few years with a minimum price payable for beet. Under this stimulus the area under beet rose from 22,400 acres in June 1924 to 396,500 acres ten years later, while the number of factories rose from three to 17 between 1924 and 1933. Even now we produce only about a fourth of the sugar we consume.

The cost of this development to February 1934 was about £40,000,000.

### Home-Grown Wheat

In what is known as the Wheat Quota system we have to deal not with a subsidy paid directly by the Exchequer, but with one borne by the consumer of bread or by some intermediary. The Wheat Act of 1932 entitled registered wheat-growers to a guaranteed price, fixed for the time being at 10s a cwt, for their sales of millable wheat, the difference between the average prices received for sales and the guaranteed price being made up by levies on all flour imported or milled within the country.

The full deficiency payment for wheat (the difference between the average price received and the guaranteed price) is paid only up to a total production of 27 million cwts; if production exceeds that deficiency payments are reduced.

In the Minister's estimates for the next cereal year the anticipated supply is placed at 29 million cwts, the estimated average price at 5s a cwt involving a deficiency payment of 5s. The levy on flour imported or milled is reduced from 21s 6d to 19s 2d a cwt.

The returns for June 4 last give the acreage under wheat in England and Wales at 1,759,000 as compared with 1,288,000 in 1932.

### The Milk Scheme

The Milk Act aims at the temporary maintenance of the price of milk for manufacture and at promoting consumption. During the next two years minimum prices are to be guaranteed for milk used in manufacture, the funds being provided by advances to the Milk Marketing Boards; £750,000 is to be provided during the next four years for a campaign to secure a purer milk supply; and, finally, the Government is to contribute during the next two years to a milk advertising fund. The cost of the guaranteed price provision is estimated at between £1,500,000 and £1,750,000 in the first year.

The Cattle Industry Bill provides a Cattle Fund to which the Exchequer may advance up to £3,000,000 and from which payments are to be made to cattle producers for sales up to March 1935. The rate at which payments are made will depend on prices, but must not exceed 5s a live cwt, or 9s 4d a dead cwt.

The Government has agreed also to meet within limits the amount by which the earnings of the herring fishery during the current season falls below costs, and there are also the questions of Shipping and Housing, both involving public payments of the same kind.

## FLYING-FISH TO ZEPPELIN

SOUTH KENSINGTON'S  
WONDERFUL DISPLAY

What the Airman Has Learned  
From the Albatross

### THE STORY OF FLIGHT

The newly-arranged section on the ground floor of the Science Museum at South Kensington is breath-taking; it is an exhibition of flight.

Not only man's whole experience in the air is summarised here in a most complete way, but the experience of other orders of Nature is likewise set forth. Those greatest masters of the art of flying, the albatross and the gannet, hold first place; but what the reptiles, amphibians, mammals, and fish have done in the air is shown too.

### Da Vinci's Flying-Machine

Kites were being flown as signals in China two centuries before Christ, though Europe did not try them for 17 afterwards. About the time that kites came to Europe Leonardo da Vinci, the great Italian painter, mathematician, and engineer, was making plans for a flying-machine into which a man might strap himself, lying face downward, flapping huge wing pieces with his arms. Models of what Da Vinci had in mind in the early years of the 16th century are not far from the kites. Overhead are real gliders, balloons, and aeroplanes; in cases near are models and wrecks of famous flying-machines that have made the history of aeronautics. Along the wall the development of the aeroplane in the last 30 years is shown in small models. On the other side of the great hall the development of the seaplane, the balloon, and the airship is taken up in the same way. There is a model of the Graf Zeppelin.

Montgolfier's famous balloon is here both in miniature and life-size, gaily painted like something for a circus. This balloon, 150 years ago, was filled with hot air, and rose to a height of 3000 feet carrying seven people.

### The Secret of the Birds

A hundred years earlier there had been a project for a flying-boat. It was to be buoyed up by four copper spheres containing a vacuum. The proposal did not materialise, but the plans for it show us the progress of man's thought on this subject down the ages.

The smallest but most important section of the exhibit shows flight among those who take no thought about it at all—the birds, fish, bats, lizards, and frogs which fly, leap, glide, soar, or flit; according to the way they are made. Both the albatross and the gannet, two of man's greatest inspirations in aerodynamics, are represented. The gannet is one of the largest birds in England, travelling along our coasts 100 to 200 miles a day in search of food, mounting in zig-zags, making use of air currents to rise, doing marvellous nose-dives to swoop down on its prey. It has "pneumatic bones," air sacks in the bony structure of its wings, but it is not known how much these contribute to its remarkable performances.

### Nature's Streamline

The albatross is the greatest of all, and has been much imitated by man-made aircraft. It is streamlined from beak to tail, with powerful tapered wings that span nine and a half feet. The total mystery weighs 17 pounds. It uses only its wings for the take-off, gaining a speed of 50 miles an hour. After that it simply soars and glides, using the wind to climb on.

The Science Museum has brought these great natural masters of the problem of flight into its National Aeronautical Collection in the modest hope that they represent a subject "from which there may still be something to learn."

Picture on page 9

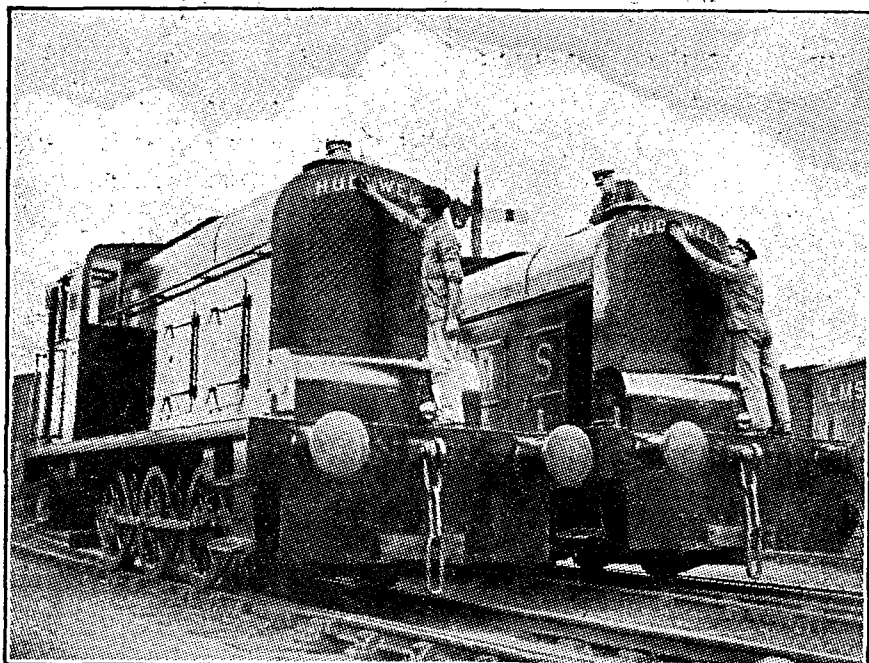


December 8, 1934

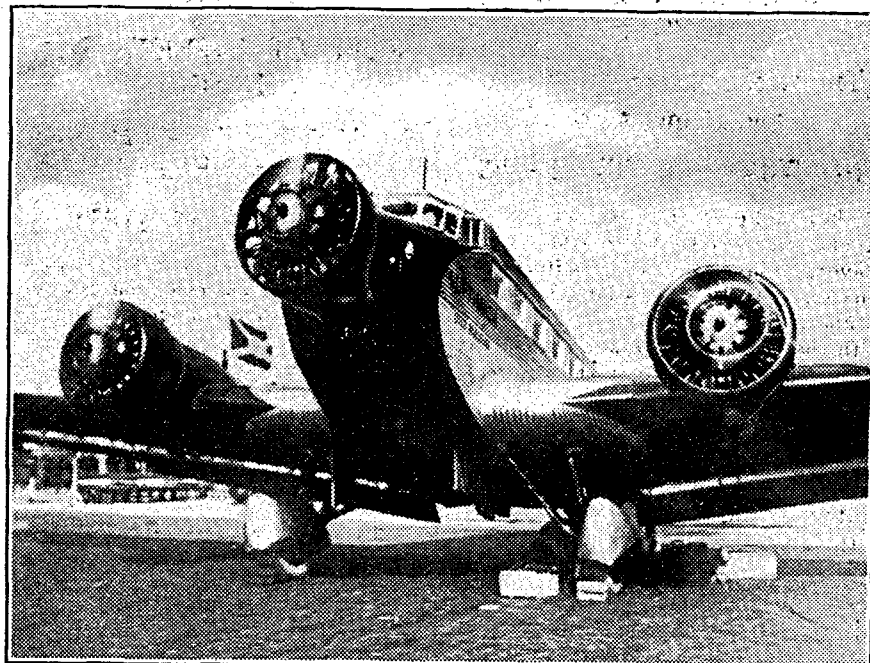
The Children's Newspaper

9

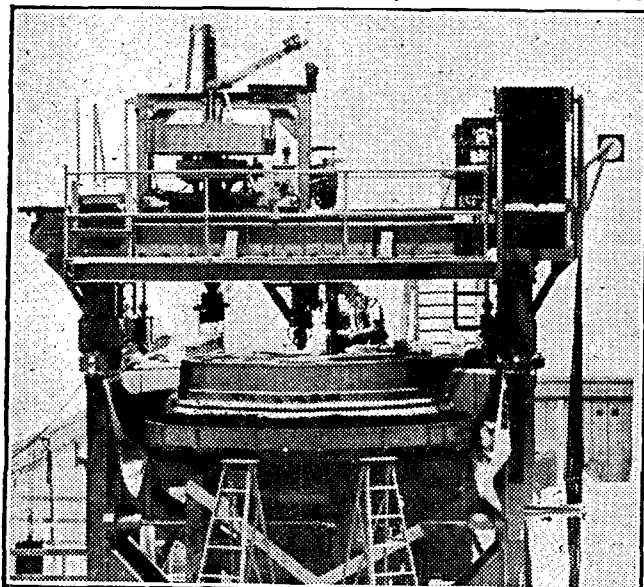
# MODERN AIR LINER · MODEL AIRSHIP · MAKING A TELESCOPE



**Diesel Locomotives**—The L.M.S. Railway is experimenting with 200 h.p. shunting engines of the Diesel type that burn heavy oil. Weighing 30 tons each, they haul a load of 700 tons and can work 24 hours a day. Here we see two of them at Leeds.



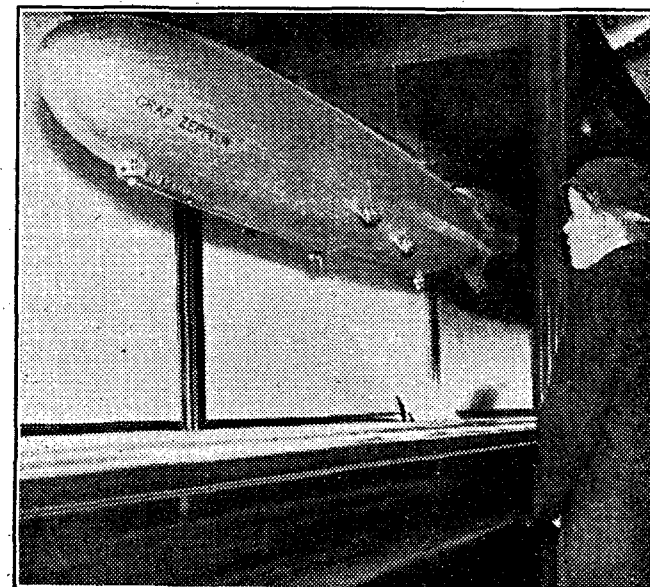
**A Modern Air Liner**—The present-day tendency toward all-metal, low-winged monoplanes is illustrated by this picture of a German Lufthansa machine. This one is fitted with a robot pilot, the mechanical device that keeps it on an even course.



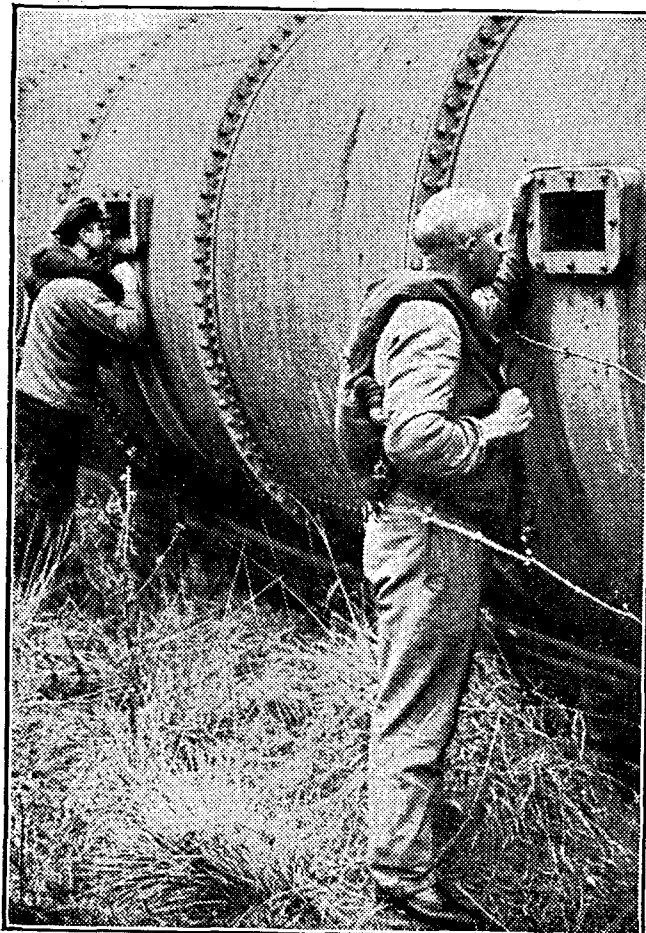
**Making a Telescope**—This big machine is grinding and polishing a 120-inch astronomical mirror at Pasadena in California. It will next be used for the 200-inch reflector for the world's largest telescope.



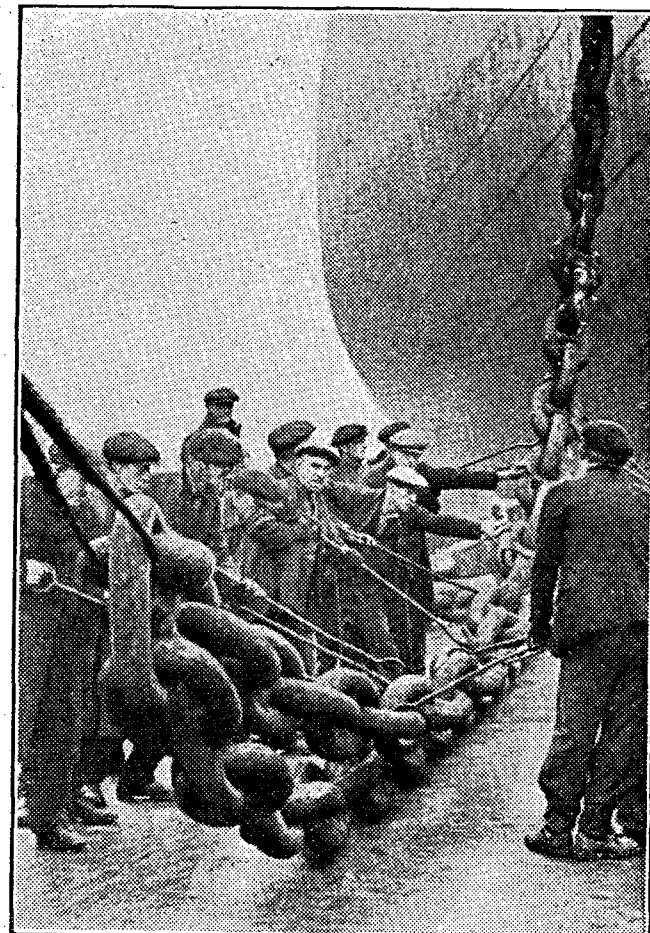
**Near the King's Palace**—Repainting one of the Mall lamp-posts, with its little ship on the top.



**A Little Airship**—A model of the Graf Zeppelin has been placed on exhibition in the National Aeronautical Collection at the Science Museum in South Kensington. See page 8.



**In Berlin**—Through the windows of a big water-tank these divers are watching a new type of diving apparatus known as artificial lungs.



**A Liner's Chain**—When a big ship is overhauled in Southampton dry dock men with special hooks handle the massive anchor chain.



## AN ENGLISHWOMAN TO THE RESCUE

MARY SCHAFFER IN  
PARIS

Her Great Crusade Against  
Cruelty To Animals

### IN VIOLET WOOD'S STEPS

There is living and working in Paris today an Englishwoman of whom we may well be proud.

She is doing for the animals of France what Violet Wood did for our own animals, gaining for them considerate treatment while they live and, when their time comes, a merciful death.

It is some 25 years since Mary Schaffer was crossing from Glasgow to Dublin on a rough sea and heard a curious noise. It came again and again, and she asked a sailor what it was.

"Oh, it's only the animals," he replied.

She made her way to where the noise came from. She found a heap of cattle packed together like luggage; and in front of them a horse with all four legs broken and in great pain. There and then she decided to devote her life to the protection of animals.

### Horrifying Scenes of Cruelty

For twenty years she kept an eye on the loading of cattle boats from Dublin. The law was already on the side of the animals, and her work was made possible by the fact that she could report cases of cruelty to the authorities.

But it was very different when she was asked to go to France.

In 1929 she saw cattle being sent from Marseilles to Paris in a slow train which took six days on the journey, and during that time the cattle got neither food nor drink.

"What does it matter?" remarked one of the cattlemen. "They are going to be killed on arrival."

Mary Schaffer thereupon settled in Paris and formed a branch of the London Council of Justice for Animals which has since developed into a separate French society. The need of it was proved by horrifying scenes of cruelty against which there was no law.

### The Humane Killer

Following in the footsteps of Violet Wood Mary Schaffer turned to the most urgent problem of all, the cruelty of the slaughterhouse. The English humane killer was too expensive for French butchers, but M. Herriot himself encouraged her, saying:

"Give me a French captive bolt pistol and I will give you a byelaw enforcing its use in the Lyons slaughterhouse."

Miss Schaffer found a Frenchman to make such a pistol under her direction, and a little later the newspapers reported that M. Herriot had passed a byelaw making the use of this humane weapon obligatory in Lyons.

### The Butchers Impressed

It happened that in his eagerness to keep his promise M. Herriot passed the byelaw when only two pistols were ready! With money from England Miss Schaffer bought others as soon as they were made, and these she distributed, and other byelaws similar to M. Herriot's were passed.

The butchers were as much against this new thing as they were at first in England, and once turned an ill-tempered bull loose on Miss Schaffer when she was demonstrating its use; but a young veterinary surgeon with her had the humane killer ready loaded and felled the beast with one shot, a proceeding which so impressed the butchers that they bought the pistol instead of scoffing at it.

Miss Schaffer is still mainly helped by English funds, but she hopes that soon French money will be forthcoming to back up this work of mercy.

## SOUTH AFRICA'S BRIGHT SPOT

Joining Two Great Rivers  
A 70-MILE CANAL

South Africa is to dam the River Vaal at a cost of a million pounds.

In that announcement is a world of meaning, a bright spot in the news. The Vaal was the boundary of the Transvaal, and at the fords of the river Boer and Briton met in desperate conflict in the South African War, and many perished.

Now at last, a generation after, the old feud has been sunk in the determination to make the valley of the Vaal blossom like the rose and from it to supply water to Johannesburg, which was the fount of all the trouble.

More than this, the scheme was a dream of Cecil Rhodes, who realised that the lands between the Hartz and Vaal Rivers needed irrigation badly, while the river water, a flood in the rainy season, a trickle in drought, was running to waste. His scheme was recommended afterwards to the Cape Parliament, but nothing came of it. The name of Rhodes, once so powerful in South Africa, aroused too many enmities after his old friends the Cape Dutch had parted company with him.

But a man's good dreams are remembered after him when all else is forgotten, and this one of Cecil Rhodes seems to be coming true.

The scheme, as adopted by the Union Parliament, will join the Hartz and Vaal Rivers by a 70-mile canal and will build a £1,000,000 dam on the Vaal to create two lakes and irrigate the land as far south as Kimberley.

It is a project brighter for the future than any diamond that ever came from the Kimberley mines.

## PETER THE SECOND

The Young King's Day

Many children may have been wondering how King Peter of Yugo-Slavia, who is the youngest king in Europe, fills up his time.

At first there was a great effort made to send him back to his preparatory school in England, and we have not the least doubt that would have been the very best thing possible for him and for Yugo-Slavia. Unfortunately the Constitution of the country forbade the king leaving it for any but brief visits.

Now we hear that he has an English tutor who looks after him and his younger brothers and a few chosen compatriots of his own age, who are encouraged to try to forget that their fellow-pupil is the king.

Now that he has come to the throne he has a whole bedroom to himself, a small, very simple room, his brothers occupying a much more pretentious room near by.

Anything like self-indulgence is rigorously ruled out. Up he has to get at 6.30 every morning. His breakfast is on the English pattern, taken with his brothers and consisting of tea, porridge, some meat, bread and butter, and marmalade. We appreciate this tribute to our English breakfasts.

His lessons sound terrible for a lad of eleven: five modern languages, principles of statecraft, history of his country and dynasty, and military science. We must suppose that there is the usual background of reading, writing, and arithmetic, with spelling and so forth.

At any rate, part of the day is spent with his mother and brothers in simple family life, when he is able to forget the shadow hanging over him and can really be himself.

The Medici Society is once more setting a high example with its admirable collection of Christmas Cards and Calendars. They are from a penny to 7s 6d, and very charming.

## B.B.C. AT SCHOOL

End-of-Term Broadcasts

KEEPING WATCH ON THE  
GREAT WALL OF CHINA

With next week's programmes the Broadcasts to Schools come to an end for this term.

### Monday

2.5. In Mr Middleton's last talk of the term he will discuss with schools how they can plan their school garden so as to ensure a regular supply of vegetables throughout the year. Classes will learn what rotation and inter-cropping mean.

2.30. The Great Wall of China was built to keep out the Huns, who were always trying to break into the Chinese Empire. It was and is still about 1500 miles long, and once it had 25,000 towers and 15,000 watch towers. In the Interlude this week we shall have the conversations of Chinese soldiers keeping watch on the wall.

### Tuesday

11.30. The theme of the Regional Geography talks this term has been the influence on a primitive people of environment and other peoples. In the broadcast today the influence of the white settler on the native of Kenya will be discussed. England has unusual responsibilities there, and therefore this talk will be of more than usual interest.

### Wednesday

2.5. No one quite knew what would happen when Queen Anne died. There had been an Act of Settlement which should have decided the succession, but Bolingbroke's party wanted to restore James, the Old Pretender. Today we are to imagine that the news of Queen Anne's death has just been made known, and we are to hear Jacobites and Whigs discussing the future.

2.30. There will be a dramatic reading from Laurence Housman's *Brother Wolf*.

### Thursday

11.30. We are to hear Dr Harry Godwin's third talk about the Fens. He will tell how the Romans attempted to drain them, and how the Dutch engineers in the 17th century set to work more thoroughly. Drainage has had many strange effects on the countryside and its wild life, and Dr Godwin will describe some of these.

2.5. The last Tracing History Backwards broadcast of the term is a dramatic interlude based on the Eatonsville Election from the *Pickwick Papers*.

2.30. The ears of animals will be the subject of an interesting talk by Professor Doris Mackinnon.

### Friday

2.5. Brazil produces over two-thirds of the world's supply of coffee. Mr Charles Schulman is going to describe a coffee plantation and the kind of people who work there.

2.30. The B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, Section E, consisting of 49 performers, is giving schools an end-of-term concert of works from Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, and Humperdinck. Dr Adrian Boult will conduct the orchestra and Dr Thomas Armstrong will introduce each item.

## SPRATS BACK TO THE SEA

The Ridiculous Too-Much

After the Herring the Sprat. At Southend sprats have been given away because of "too plentiful" catches.

Free sprats did not attract enough takers, so many were put back into the sea. Some were offered for manure at 20s a ton, but without success.

Again we have illustrated the lack of organised distribution. The man of the future will laugh at our ridiculous difficulty in distributing fish.

## A SPLIT IN ANTARCTICA

The South-East Passage  
WHAT ADMIRAL BYRD SAW IN A  
FLIGHT OF 650 MILES

Admiral Byrd, leader of the American Antarctic Expedition, has split the South Polar Continent in half.

In an aeroplane flight over great areas of snow and ice he believes he found a wide strait dividing the two vast land masses about the South Pole.

This frozen waterway has long been suspected by Antarctic explorers whose opportunities of confirming their belief have been limited by the necessity of seeking the strait over hundreds of miles of trackless country by sledge.

Admiral Byrd was able to soar over these difficulties and in a non-stop flight of 650 miles over the mysterious West Antarctic he sighted the Promised Land.

### Majestic Mountain Masses

It was not the goal of Farthest South for which Captain Scott gave his life, but the land west of the Great Ice Barrier which, since that formidable obstacle was surmounted, has tempted explorers for a century.

Where their ships and sledges failed the aeroplane has succeeded.

After waiting a month for the weather to clear, Admiral Byrd and his companions went up into the sky to spy out the land. They succeeded beyond their expectations.

Beyond the Ice Barrier they found on one side groups of islands. Behind the front peaks of the mapped Edsel Ford range, one of those breaking the steady rise of the continent from the sea to the Pole, they glimpsed majestic mountain masses stretching for at least 100 miles.

Most important of all, they made out between the Edsel Ford and Queen Maud ranges what appeared to be the long sought passage through the Antarctic land mass.

It is not a sea passage of the kind that the long sought North-West Passage was expected to prove. It is now accepted that the North Pole is mainly covered by a frozen ocean. The South Pole is land, bare and featureless except for its mountains and its glaciers.

### The Triumph of a Lifetime

The strait or passage found by Admiral Byrd appears to afford from the air only slight evidence of its nature. The explorer says it seems to be covered with water-borne ice. The proof that it is a strait or passage is the way the land masses rise up on either side of it.

The hope of confirming Admiral Byrd's discovery will send many explorers to the Antarctic in years to come. If Admiral Byrd, the man on the spot, declares that the strait is a reality, and that there are two continents at the South Pole instead of one, there will not be many doubters.

For Byrd himself it is the triumph of a lifetime, and a vision vouchsafed only to a fortunate few among explorers. Balboa (not Cortes) gazed on the Pacific with a wild surmise. Byrd has been the first to scan not a new ocean but a new continent.

## THE POST OFFICE PENCILS

150 Miles of Them

Mr R. G. Bennett has been telling the Imperial Forestry Institute about the timber used by our Post Office every year.

Of the many thousand telegraph poles needed by the Post Office about a third now come from English and Scottish forests, and from Kenya comes the cedar for very much smaller, but no less important, requisites—the 1,250,000 pencils used each year. Laid end to end they would measure 150 miles!



December 8, 1934

## The Children's Newspaper

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## GUTENBERG'S PRESS MILLIONS SEE HOW HE WORKED

Copy of His Famous Workshop  
Goes Home Again

### A GERMAN COURTESY TO CHICAGO

The precious Gutenberg press and workshop which were loaned by the Gutenberg Society of Mainz to the International Exposition at Chicago are about to return to their museum.

As everyone knows that it was Johannes Gutenberg of Mainz who invented the first movable type press in 1448, millions of people crowded about this display during the fair.

Of course the few remaining works printed on the original press of Gutenberg are enormously expensive today. Copies of the famous Latin Bible, printed on it from 1450 to 1455, have a value of about £100,000.

#### Years of Study

As a result of 25 years of deep study and tireless effort outstanding members of the Gutenberg Society and other authorities constructed a complete reproduction of Gutenberg's workshop, and this entire exhibit was on display at the Century of Progress Fair. It is built on such a practical basis that facsimile pages of the first page of the Bible, the Sermon on the Mount, and other works printed by Gutenberg were set and printed before the visitor's very eyes from type such as Gutenberg used.

Crowds constantly gathered about the quaint medieval print shop to watch the workers, in the costume of Gutenberg's day, laboriously printing the pages on the old hand press, and pages were sold before they had dried on the line or been illuminated by the young artist employed to do this work.

Now the shop and press will go back to their home after having been seen by several million Americans who would never have had an opportunity of seeing them had they not come to the fair.

## THE MAGPIE AND THE TELEGRAPH POLE He is a Tiresome Bird

Every country has its feathered rascal, and in Australia it is a bird known as a magpie.

He isn't really a true magpie, but his black-and-white coat induced the early settlers to give him his name.

He is about the size of a small domestic fowl, and it is at nesting-time that he becomes such a nuisance.

Long ago someone wrote of him:

*The magpie is a tiresome bird;  
The home it builds is quite absurd,  
Hairpins and wire and bits of string,  
And yet it seems to love the thing!*

It is the wire that causes all the trouble, for the magpie does not care from where he steals this unusual bedding for his nest; it is usually from the district round telegraph poles. Having selected a most uncomfortable site on the cross arms of the poles, he promptly proceeds to construct his wire nest, and the result is that the wires become fouled and the telegraph or telephone ceases to function.

So bad is this nuisance that the Postmaster-General's Office has a special set of regulations concerning him. In magpie country the linesmen have to carry away or bury all waste wire and scraps of metal. Last nesting-season a new experiment was carried out. Wire baskets were suspended from the telegraph poles in districts where trees are few and the poles themselves an enticement to the birds for nesting-sites. With utter unconcern, most of the magpies disregarded the baskets and continued to build on the poles.

## THE CAR IN THE STREET

Standing on Land Worth  
a Fortune

### THE PUBLIC PAYS

A calculation has been made at the Ministry of Transport concerning the car which stops in the street.

A motor-car parked in a busy London street is openly taking up a valuable leasehold and paying nothing for it. Every hour it stops it is running up an undischarged bill for rent.

Mr Hore-Belisha calculates that a stationary motor-coach in Piccadilly or Cheapside is occupying ground worth, at so much a square foot, £40,000. Not much of a house could be built on such a narrow site, but on the square foot basis any commercial institution established on such a plot of ground would be paying in rent and rates at least £1500 a year, £5 a day, or, roughly, five shillings an hour. The coach pays nothing, but, of course, it wants to get on.

#### A Hint To Motorists

But the private car parking in public places has no such anxiety. According to the Minister it puts out of use public property worth £20,000, and does so unashamedly for hours at a time.

As long as no one else wants to make use of the space no harm is done, but cars are always increasing in numbers. Half the width of John Carpenter Street is blocked by them daily. The time will come when they may become a public nuisance as well as a public cost, and it will be well for car owners to take Mr Hore-Belisha's hint and, before all the public parking-places are exhausted, build some private ones of their own.

## THE NEW BUS Its Future is on Oil

A new Q bus will soon be on the streets. Its mystery will be its invisible engines. They are on one side of the bus, underneath the floor and right out of the way.

It is too much to hope that there will be no gadgets and humps on the floor for passengers to fall over, and no booby traps above the inside corner seats to knock their heads against; but the dislocating jerk with which the London Transport buses stop and start and pick up speed may disappear, for the new Q bus is to be fed with oil.

The oil engine is far more economical than the petrol engine. Its application seems to be very successful in those vehicles which have to bear considerable loads but are not called on for speed.

Its employment for buses, which have to show some amount of speed, is a great step forward, and points to a future of cheaper cars for people who do not want to get everywhere in the shortest possible time.

## AN ECHO OF GLENCOE A Room With a Story

It is to be hoped that the Town Council of Fort William will reprieve one of the buildings at the Old Fort which is under sentence to be demolished. Many people are begging for its life.

In this building there is an oak-panelled room where a fearful thing was done by a few strokes of the pen. There in 1692 was signed the order for the massacre of Glencoe. It is one of the most tragic pages in the history of Scotland. Never will the plotting and treachery which led to it be forgotten.

Soldiers, quartered on the people as friends, rose in the night and killed their hosts. But the vengeance was not complete. A few escaped from their burning homes to the bitter mountain top; and the people of Glencoe were not wiped out, as their enemies desired.

## COPYING OUR IDEAS

U.S.A. Insurance Plan  
THE WEAK POINT IN PRESIDENT  
ROOSEVELT'S SCHEME

President Roosevelt has further explained his idea of Unemployment Insurance, as applied to American conditions to provide "social security." His speech is a little disappointing, but it is apparent that he has not yet made up his mind on some points.

Our British Unemployment Insurance sets up a fund contributed in three ways: weekly contribution by employers, weekly contribution by workers, and contribution by the State out of taxation. All our people therefore add something to the Fund.

The insurance applies to most trades, but not all, and, in addition, when the insured person has exhausted his right to benefit, he is still decently provided for as a matter of public assistance.

#### State Schemes

President Roosevelt contemplates not a Federal System of insurance, but a general encouragement to each of the 48 States to create a separate scheme. The Central or Federal Government is to hold and invest the State Funds, which seems a small and hardly necessary function.

The State schemes are to be contributory, but no third part is to be contributed out of taxation, as with us. When the Fund is exhausted the worker's benefit is to cease.

Upon reflection the President will probably see that not only our own country but other countries are far ahead of the United States in "social security," and that if America is to be secured from recurrent attacks of sheer misery boldness is indispensable. The President says, "We cannot work miracles," but our British State insurance is no miracle; it is common sense.

## SHE GAVE UP HER LIFE A Sacrifice Few People Knew Of

There has lately passed out of the world a lady who during her life served her fellows in a unique way.

It was a noble way, too, yet hardly anyone knew of the sacrifice she made. She was a Quaker and her name was Sarah Hannah Milner.

She was always delicate in health, and some thirty years ago she had a serious breakdown which took her to The Retreat, which is the Quaker mental hospital at York. There she made a complete recovery; but, instead of leaving when she was well again, she stayed and made her permanent home at the place where she had been cured.

She did not do great works. She just filled her days, all through the years, with little services which meant a great deal to people sick in mind, as she had been. She spent many hours in reading to elderly bedridden patients.

One patient would listen to nothing but Walter Scott's novels, and Miss Milner had to read patiently first The Talisman, then The Antiquary, and so on; and, though she might have liked a change, she never let it be seen that she was weary.

And now at the age of 70 she has died, and she will be greatly missed at The Retreat.

#### THE GIRL OF 15

It is good news that the Women's Amateur Athletic Association has resisted a proposal that the age for a girl entering women's athletics should be reduced to 14. The present age limit of 15 is quite young enough.

The view was expressed at the annual meeting of the association that the period in a girl's life between 14 and 15 should be made a time of restful development.

## "My Mother makes sure..



...that I grow  
big and strong

She gives me  
'Ovaltine'

A MOTHER'S wisdom is reflected in the health of her children. By making delicious 'Ovaltine' their daily beverage, the wise mother ensures that her children's dietary will provide all the nourishment required for physical fitness and sturdy growth.

Long experience proves that 'Ovaltine' is the supreme beverage for growing children. Scientifically prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' is 100 per cent. health-giving nourishment.

Give your children 'Ovaltine' regularly at mealtimes and also at bedtime. Mark their rapid improvement in health, in energy and nervous poise. But be sure it is 'Ovaltine' and not an imitation made to look the same. There are extremely important differences.

Unlike imitations, 'Ovaltine' does not contain Household Sugar to reduce the cost. Nor does it contain Chocolate, or a large percentage of Cocoa.

Because of its supreme health-giving and energy-creating properties 'Ovaltine' is the most widely used food beverage in the world. Reject substitutes.

# OVALTINE

Gives Robust Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland  
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3 per tin.

P29A



## MAN'S CLIMB TO THE SKIES GREATEST CONQUEST OF OUR TIME

Story of the Miraculous Achievement of Flying  
BOOK OF THRILLING ADVENTURE

*On the Wing. By David Masters. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s 6d.*

Thanks to the industry of David Masters we have here in one volume the story of the miracle of man's achievement of flight.

It is a brilliant summary told in the vivid narrative we have learned to expect from David Masters. He has left no stone unturned to discover little-known facts by interviewing many of the heroes of the air and the relatives of those who sacrificed their lives. He has studied official records here and in America so that he has been able to prune away inaccuracies which have crept into some of the stories. Thus he has made not only one of the most entertaining volumes we have read for a long time, but a valuable reference book.

### Across the Atlantic

The chapters grow more and more enthralling as we read on, and it is easy to see that the author has done much flying. He watched some of the earliest flights. Like the Editor of the C.N., he saw Wilbur Wright flying at Pau in France, when flying was like a miracle.

The chapters on the war are crammed with deeds of heroism, and we are shown that the crack pilots did not rely on their natural ability alone. They spent hours when off duty practising assiduously to develop their gifts by making dangerous dives, and so on.

Across the Atlantic is a chapter which we read breathlessly. After 15 years many details of the first non-stop flight from Newfoundland to Ireland have been forgotten. At that time there was no instrument or chart available for taking observations and determining at once the position of the plane. It would have been easy for the airmen to be blown 100 miles out of their course.

### A Boy's Idea

Parachutes have come as a boon and a blessing to flyers, and have saved the lives of hundreds. It was through a boy's remark that an American named Baldwin patented a safety parachute. While making a descent he had been swung about so violently that he was nearly killed when landing.

"Why don't you put a hole in the top?" shouted a boy in the crowd. In a flash the airman realised that this would be the remedy he had always sought for the dangerous swinging. He patented the idea, and the modern parachute has at the top the outlet the boy suggested.

Particularly interesting at this time are the chapters on the long trail to Australia. Of all those who made the long flight the German airmen Bertram and Klausmann, who were lost for six weeks, had the most hairbreadth escape.

### A Terrible Journey

For days they wandered in the blazing sun along the north coast of Australia, then had a terrible journey back to their seaplane, for in the radiator was the only water they could find to quench their thirst. They kept alive on snails and gum-leaves and then made a raft, but were carried out to sea, where there were many sharks, and drifted for five days. They reached the shore again, and after some terrible weeks they saw a Blackfellow, who went to the Mission Station for help.

A book for boys by all means is this, for every boy will love it; but a book it is for all who love the thrill of high adventure finely told, a record of the most astounding scientific conquest of our time.

## Underground Wonders

Visitors to London are always impressed by the wonder of the Underground railways, and Londoners themselves, accustomed as they are to the system as a whole, find a never-failing interest in the many devices which add to the comfort, safety, and efficiency of the services. Here we describe a few of these ingenious contrivances.

### The Automaticket

This is a device for issuing tickets speedily in the booking-hall. It is a machine which works electrically and is fitted into the booking-clerk's counter immediately below the window at which the passenger appears.

The top of the machine has a brass plate which contains a number of slots and is curved upward toward the passenger to facilitate the gathering of change. The tickets are shot up through these slots; and the particular kind of tickets and the number are determined by keys which the booking-clerk presses with his finger. The ticket supply is held in containers below the machine, which cuts the tickets into a strip according to the number required. Thus if you ask for three tickets to a certain place you will receive one strip consisting of three

### The Change-Giving Machine

In many Underground booking-offices the money is contained in a machine that in some ways looks like a typewriter. It has rows of keys which the booking-clerk presses with his fingers. Above these keys is a series of vertical tubes open at the front. They are of different diameters, one being of such a size that halfpennies will fit it, another pennies, and so on. When the booking-clerk receives money from passengers he does not drop it into a drawer but distributes it straightaway into these open tubes, so that he has all the coins in separate columns according to their denomination.

This machine not only acts as a till but also gives change. By pressing the correct key the operator can eject the bottom coin in any column. The coins drop down a metal chute into a cup by the open window where the passenger is standing.

The cup is shaped to allow money to be scooped up easily by the fingers.

### The Escalators

There are now two types of escalators in use on the Underground: the Shunt type and the Comb type.

On the Shunt type, which is the older, the passenger is obliged to make a side-stepping movement to alight. Although this process is very simple, it presents difficulties to those who are nervous and unused to the escalator. Moreover, in order to alight easily one has to be careful to step off with the correct foot: left foot when stepping to the left, and the right when stepping to the right.

On the Comb type the process is greatly simplified. The act of alighting is made by a forward movement, so that it makes no difference with which foot the passenger steps off. At the point where the stairs disappear under the flooring there is a grid-like device, slightly concave. All that the passenger has to do is to adjust his feet sensitively to the grid and the smooth teeth of it will gently lift him off. It is as though this grid *combs* the passengers off, which is why it is given this name.

### The Booking-Office Lift

On some stations where the traffic is not great the liftman acts as booking-clerk. He performs the double function of issuing tickets and operating the lift, inside which is a miniature booking-office, technically known as a pedestal. By means of a special lever he can open and close the gate on either side of the lift, which starts automatically whenever the gates are closed. He has also a telephone by which in the event of a breakdown he could communicate with other officials who would take the necessary steps to put things right.

### The Lift Safety-Catch

Every lift on London's Underground is ensured against the disasters which might occur if it started to operate before passengers were ready and before the gates were closed. A safety-catch holds the lift immovable until the gates have been properly fastened. The device is a switch set in the path of the folding gate and held in an open position by a spring while the gate is open. The current is thereby checked, and not until the gate in the act of closing overcomes the resistance of the springs can the switch be closed and the lift started on its way.

### The Side Door in the Lift

It is widely believed that if a lift at one of the London Underground stations went out of gear midway in its shaft the passengers would be marooned there for a long time and that the task of rescuing them would be considerable. Actually, this is not the case.

Each lift has mechanism of its own, and a breakdown of one would not result in a similar breakdown of its neighbour. If a lift became immovable in its shaft the adjoining lift would be brought into position alongside. Every lift has a side door, which is generally concealed by advertisement panels. An attendant would open the door of the active lift and thus get access to the door of the damaged lift in alignment with it. The imprisoned passengers would step from the one lift to the other and resume their journey without delay.

### The Automatic Door

On certain lines on the Underground system the trains have sliding doors which open and shut under pneumatic power. As these doors, when opening, slide into the wall of the coach, space is saved in the coach or on the platform, for passengers may stand at a point where a hinged door would swing. The automatic doors can be operated from any part of the train. They are so designed that any obstruction in their closing prevents the guard from giving the starting-signal to the driver. Through their introduction a saving in train staff has been effected, for one guard can now satisfactorily operate a seven-coach train. The air pressure of the doors is lessened slightly during the last five inches of the stroke, so that the door can easily be retarded with the hand; and soft rubber-cushioned edges reduce possible injury to a minimum.

Communication may sometimes be necessary between the driver and the guard at the rear of a long train, and accordingly microphones and loud-speakers are installed both in the driver's cab and on the guard's rear platform. The loud-speaker is at the driver's left ear, and that of the guard is fixed in the roof.

### The Portable Telephone

Every driver of a London Underground train has a portable telephone. This is of special value if anything goes wrong when the train is in a tunnel. Along the wall of the tunnel are two bare telephone wires, and by clipping the terminals of his portable set to these wires he can establish communication with the officials at a station.

These two wires in the tunnel are important for other reasons. If the careful insulation of the electric system failed at any time when a train was in a tunnel and the driver or guard wished to cut off the power this could be done immediately by merely pinching together the two wires. Passengers could then walk along the track with safety. The pinching of the wires which cuts off the main current also switches on the tunnel lights to enable the passengers to see their way!

## FREE SEATS FOR THE BEST VIEWS MORE PLACES OURS FOR EVER

Great Work of the National Trust Goes On and On

### SAFE FROM AUNT SALLY

We walked across Toys Hill, through lovely Scords Wood, where the whortleberry leaves were turning scarlet along the paths, and up on to Ide Hill.

We sat on a bench near the summit, where the blackberries tumbled over each other in their anxiety to offer their plentiful fruit to all who came. At our feet a grasshopper carefully performed his toilet before pulling down a blade of grass for his dinner, and beyond him, down the bank, the trees offered bright berries and the bracken glinted in its dying splendour to add colour to the scene. Then we looked up from the beauty near at hand to the miles of Kent spread out before us, a green unspoiled Kent of fields and trees, with farms peeping through and no big patch of houses nearer than the little town of Tonbridge and its famous school.

### Work Going on Apace

For nearly all this walk we had been thinking gratefully of the National Trust, which has preserved all this, and of Octavia Hill, remembered on a seat at one of these fine view-points and sleeping very near, in the little church at Crockham Hill.

She was one of the founders of the National Trust and her work is going on apace; we came home to read in its Annual Report that 17 new properties were bought or given last year, and that now it holds about 250. Looking through the book we realised that every day hundreds of walkers and cyclists and motorists must have enjoyed themselves as we had done.

Because a field at Ambleside now belongs to the Trust there will always be a view of Coniston Old Man, which buildings in that field might have shut out. Then there is Pepper Box Hill, from whose 100 acres can be seen the spire of Salisbury Cathedral and the Isle of Wight. The C.N. has already told of the gift of Shining Cliff Wood in Derbyshire, where there is to be a bird sanctuary; and the heather and pines of Sullington Warren near Chanctonbury are also ours for ever.

### Buttermere Valley Saved

Another 24 acres of open land have gone to join the woodlands above West Runton, which the Trust has held since 1924, and a most interesting experiment has been the purchase of a village, beautiful West Wycombe.

A glance at the map in the Report shows so many places which the Trust is keeping for us that our hearts leap up in joy at the idea of all these oases of loveliness which no jerrybuilder with his rubbish, no petrol dealer with his Aunt Sally, may spoil. The Trust plants new trees, clears straggly undergrowth, mends walls, makes paths, and gives us free seats for the best views to be seen.

One of the pleasantest spots, the Watersmeet Valley in Devon, is not yet wholly bought, and those who appreciate the Trust's work could not do better than send a contribution to help forward the good work of securing this shady valley of the Lyn.

The whole of the £14,000 required for the preservation of the Buttermere Valley, with its three fine stretches of water, has, happily, now been raised.

A Braille edition of Mr J. A. Spender's Short History of Our Times is to be produced by the National Institute for the Blind.



# Arthur Mee's Broadcast

Autumn Supplement to the Children's Newspaper—Number Eight

## THE WISDOM OF LIFE IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

*Here, pursuing our survey of the mind at work in Nature's kingdoms, we give some further examples of the wisdom of life as it may be seen in the animal world.*

A MAN is lost, he works his way home by the stars, and we call it mind at work; a crab is lost on the Yorkshire coast, it crawls back 85 miles to its home in Lincolnshire, and we call it instinct. We must not deceive ourselves by the words we make.

A crocodile taken out of its egg will find its way instantly toward a stream; a frog put in a bag will go straight back to water on being set free.

An eel, unable to develop in the sea, leaves the tidal river and goes overland to inland waters; and when the time comes it crosses the fields again and returns to the sea to lay its eggs.

### The Limpet and the Fish

A limpet has no eyes, but every limpet knows its spot on a rock. It comes down at low tide and goes about and feeds, and it finds its way back infallibly to its chosen dwelling-place.

The fundulus, a North American fish, comes out of the sea into little pools, but it keeps watch on the pools lest they become too shallow, and leaps back un-

A horse will take a lost man home on a dark night; a horse has taken its dead driver home through London. A cat, taken away from Cornwall to East Kent, found its way back to its home at Downton. A St Bernard will find a traveller buried in the snow, dig him out and rouse him, and fetch help.

In the deepest sea we find some form of life; in the lowest life we find some form of mind. We all know wise animals that seem to act with an intelligence we do not find in some men.

### Pelorus Jack

There was a chimpanzee at the Zoo who made a tool and used it to make a way out of his cage. There was an orang-utang at the Zoo who broke a piece of wire, used it as a saw, and made a hole through which he escaped. He picked up a waiter, put him on a table, and ran.

There was in Pelorus Sound for twenty years a dolphin, protected by the Government, that piloted ships through

There were fishes that would answer a bell rung by Sir Joseph Banks. There was a tortoise in Gilbert White's village which would hobble every morning to meet the old lady who fed it. A crocodile has been known to have an affection for a cat. A snake pined on being separated from its owner, and sprang with delight when he returned.

Even the worm is not without intelligence. He selects his food and plugs the mouth of his burrow. He pulls in leaves and arranges them in a certain order to close up the entrance. He will hide his door with stones, and if you move them he will drag them back. He will leave the burrow if he hears a noise, and a peewit has been known to tap the ground to bring him out.

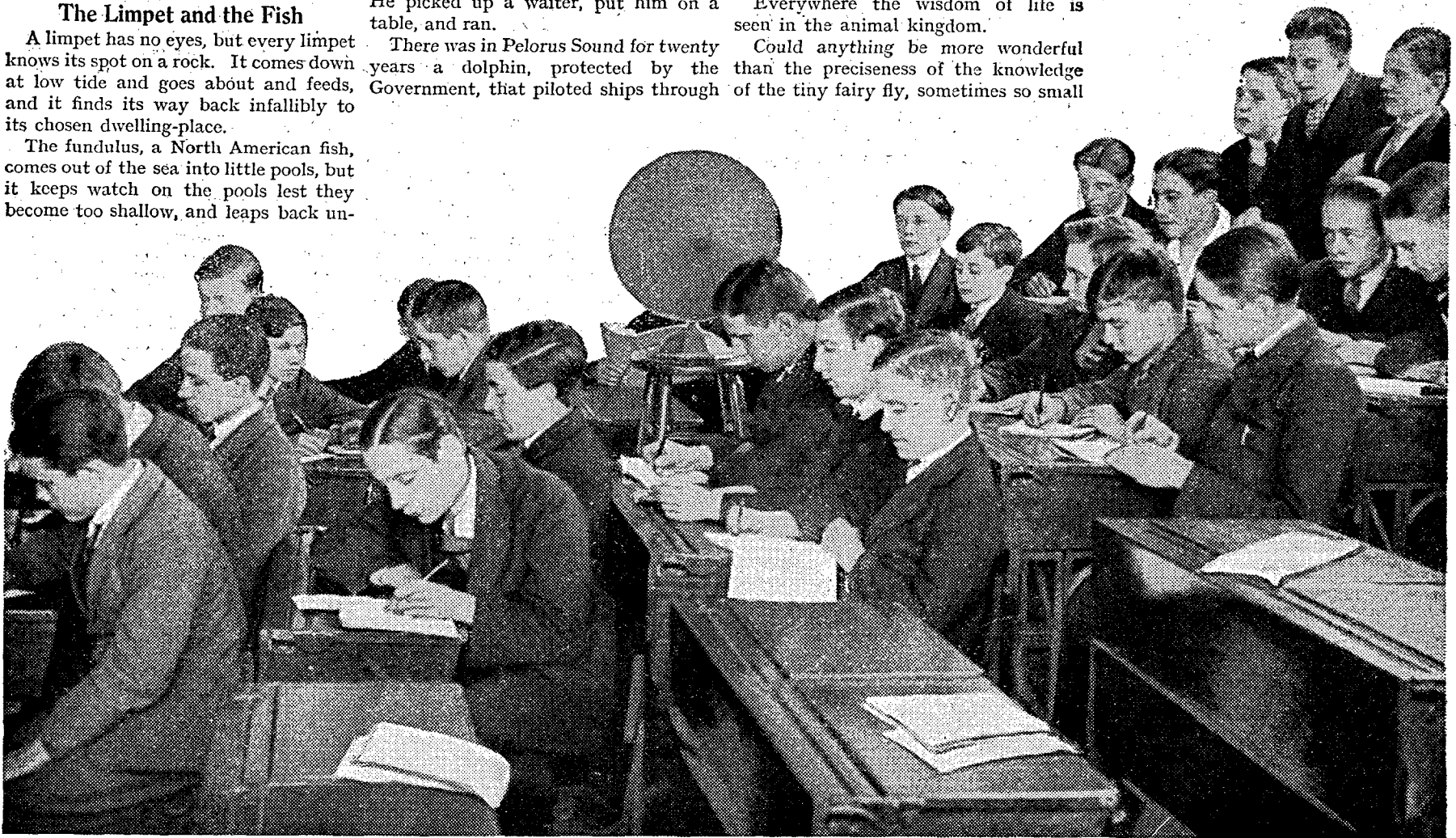
### The Fairy Fly

Everywhere the wisdom of life is seen in the animal kingdom.

Could anything be more wonderful than the preciseness of the knowledge of the tiny fairy fly, sometimes so small

choose its favourite stones for breaking victims on? Who put into the head of the eagle the idea of driving out one deer from a herd and frightening it toward a precipice? Who will deny the power of a sort of thinking-out to the crow that fetched a companion to help to battle with a dog for the possession of its bone?

And what shall we say of the harvest ant, which has the power of collecting seeds, putting them down in his warm, moist nest where they should naturally start to grow, and of checking their growth till it suits him that growth should begin? When, at last, the seeds begin to grow the harvest ant lets the process proceed until the sugar is formed, and carries it off to dry in the sun.



erringly on the tide that will take it to the sea.

The nightingale, born on a Kent hilltop, flies to Africa; it goes to the right place at the right time, moved by some innermost understanding. If it stayed till hunger came it would arrive too late. Cage a nightingale, and it will beat its wings against the bars when the time comes to go.

A pigeon will bring a general his despatches; one has been known to come from Rome back to its loft at Derby. It took a month, flew a thousand miles, and crossed a range of mountains and twenty miles of sea.

the dangerous strait approaching New Zealand. As the ship approached, Pelorus Jack would dart from his hiding and swim ahead, going steadily until he reached French Pass, when he disappeared. He never went beyond, but up to that point no human pilot was ever more reliable than he.

There are cormorants that catch fish for men, cheetahs that catch deer, captive elephants that catch and tame wild elephants. They will do things for their employers as unfailingly as workmen.

There was a frog that answered to its name when called by Professor Romanes,

that five can walk abreast through a pin-hole? The mother finds a particular insect, and lays her egg in its body exactly when and exactly where the egg of the larger insect is forming. The larger egg is formed with the fairy fly's egg inside it, and the egg produces a grub, which lives by eating the larger egg, and then emerges with four wings.

But the examples are beyond all counting. We find them in thousands among horses and dogs. Who has not heard of the bear that will stir the water to bring a bun toward him, or the crow that will drop a mussel on a stone from a height of ninety feet, and seems to

We see it everywhere, this preparation for the morrow. Squirrels and jays and woodpeckers, like rats and mice and men, lay up stores for the future. Even the rattlesnakes gather into companies for warmth in the long winter sleep, and separate when the need for food comes. They know there is warmth and comfort in company, but that too many rattlesnakes together will impoverish food supplies when they awake. They mobilise at the right time, on the principle which drives many groups in the animal world to defend their own herds against animals hunting in packs.

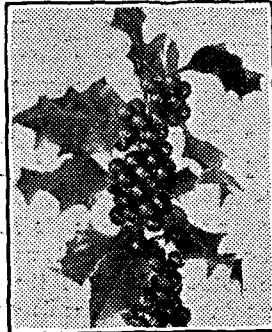
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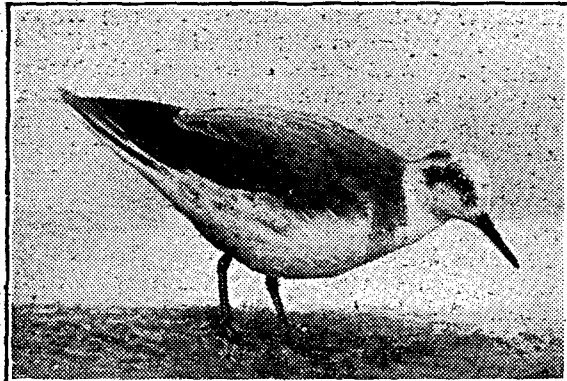
## NATURAL EVENTS OF NEXT WEEK



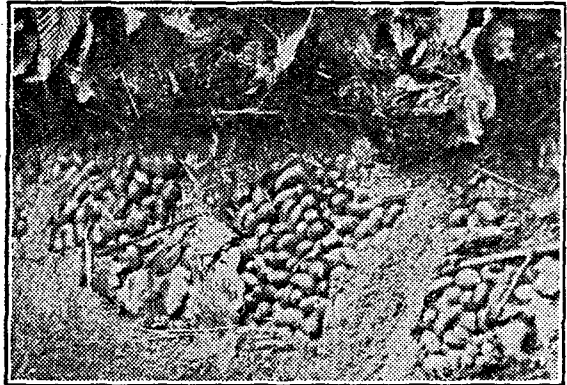
Now the oak twigs are quite bare of leaves the bullet-galls are very conspicuous



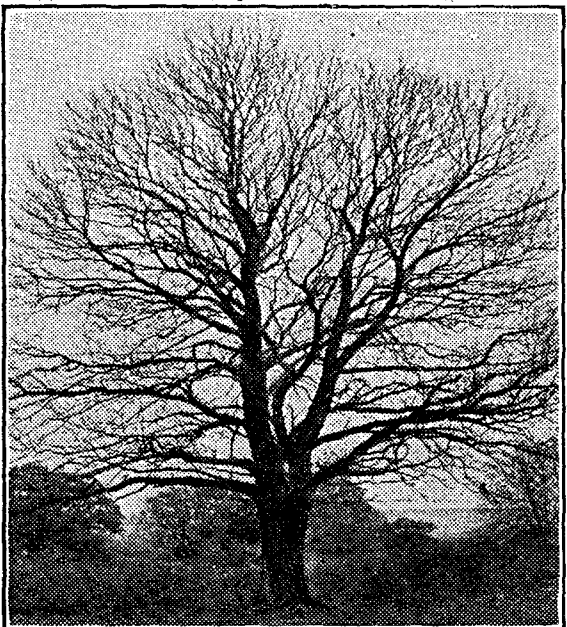
Holly berries are at their best. Birds are not particularly fond of them.



The grey phalarope from the Arctic is sometimes seen on our coasts about this time, wearing its winter plumage of pearly grey, black, and white



Turning over the earth beneath a hedge we may sometimes open up a winter store of acorns and nuts like this, which belonged to a dormouse



The sweet chestnut, even when stripped of its leaves, is a stately tree, as this picture shows



Cocoons of the oak eggar moth are found



Mistletoe berries are now practically ripe

## The Story of Ten Thousand Years EUROPE'S GREAT AWAKENING

Last week our story was brought down to Plantagenet days. We come now to consider the marvellous changes brought about by the invention of printing, the revival of learning known as the Renaissance, Tudor and Stuart times, and the ambition of Louis the Fourteenth to make France mightier than all the other nations put together.

BUT another great change was coming over the world. About 1440 the Germans found out how to print, so that hundreds of copies of a book could easily be made instead of every copy having to be written out afresh. And before that great poets had arisen in Italy such as the world had not known for a thousand years and more: Dante, who sang of hell and purgatory and paradise; and Petrarch and Boccaccio, from whom our own Geoffrey Chaucer learned not a little; and great painters, Giotto and Lippo Lippi, and others, who prepared the way for Raphael and Titian and Michael Angelo, so that men's minds seemed to be waking from the slumber of centuries. Then, in 1453, the Byzantine Empire was ended by the Turks, who set up a dominion at Constantinople, though a few years later the Moors were driven out of Spain.

### The Discovery of America

Then came a tremendous discovery. People wanted to get to India; the nations of Asia would not let them go by land, and at last daring sailors resolved they would try to reach the Indies by sea. Vasco da Gama did it by finding his way round the south of Africa; but Christopher Columbus thought he could do it by sailing round the world westward. He never dreamed that there was not one ocean to cross, but two, with the whole vast continent of North and South America! So Columbus sailed west, and found not India, as he imagined, but America; and in it peoples civilised and half-civilised and altogether savage.

Fifty years after that the Spaniards, who had sent Columbus on his voyage, were setting up an empire in South and Central America, which they claimed for their own, though no one, except a few explorers, troubled much at first about North America, as no gold and silver were found there. And, meanwhile, the Portuguese set up a great trade with the real Indies (which they claimed as theirs) by sea round Africa.

In the reign of Elizabeth the English and French and Dutch resolved to have their share in the riches of the New World which had been discovered; and Francis Drake and other daring sailors made raids on the Spanish dominions in America, holding that the Spaniards had no right to shut others out of those lands; and for this and other reasons came about that great war between England and Spain in which the English fleet destroyed the mighty ships of Spain's great Armada, and England became mistress of the seas.

### The Reformation

In the meantime other things had been happening of great import. The new learning that had been growing up in Italy had set men thinking. There had been a time when the Church was divided, and there were two men calling themselves Pope at the same time; and certain of the Popes had been men of very evil lives, while many of the bishops and the clergy had cared very little for their duties as servants of God

and a great deal for power and wealth. And so there had arisen such men as John Wycliffe in England and John Huss in Bohemia, who declared that many things were false in the teaching of the Church.

In Florence, too, had appeared a great preacher named Savonarola, calling on men to repent and turn to God, and daring even to speak against the Pope.

Early in the 16th century appeared the great German Martin Luther, who openly defied the Pope and his authority, and declared that all Christian truth was to be found in the Bible, which he translated so that the people might read it.

### Christendom Rent in Twain

And, seeing that he declared in the same open manner that the Pope had no right to take tribute from the nations, there were many princes who, caring little enough for religion, were yet zealous to support Luther. Moreover, there were multitudes to whom Luther's teaching, and the teaching of those who thought like him, seemed to be the true Gospel of Christ and His Apostles. Thus Western Christendom was rent in twain, the peoples of German kin for the most part following the Reformed Religion, which came to be called Protestantism, while the Latin peoples of France and Spain and Italy for the most part held to Rome and the Papacy; though there were many of the South Germans who held with them, and many of the French who followed the teaching of Calvin and were called Huguenots. In England and Scotland the Reformation triumphed, though not in Ireland.

After a time the followers of the two religions in Germany agreed to let each other alone, while in France each was constantly seeking to overthrow those of the other party. When Elizabeth was Queen of England Spain was the mightiest of the nations, and King Philip the mightiest of the princes of Europe; and Philip and the Spaniards would have no mercy on those they called heretics. Philip being also the lord of the Low Countries (Holland and Belgium) the Dutch rose against his persecuting rule. When the Spaniards caught English sailors they punished them for being heretics, which was one reason why Drake and the rest made war upon them; and the Dutch and the English forces between them broke down the mighty power of Spain.

### King or Parliament?

After Elizabeth came the rule of the Stuarts over both England and Ireland, as well as Scotland. This was the time of the great strife whether king or Parliament should rule; and, Parliament having overthrown the king and cut off his head, the rule passed to the army which had won the victory and its great captain, Oliver Cromwell, who made the name of England and the valour of the Puritan soldiers whom he had led, and her sailors who were led by Robert Blake, to be feared by all. Thereafter the Stuarts came back; but, seeking to rule against the will of Parliament, they were driven out again, so that ever since that time the will of Parliament has prevailed in Great Britain over the will of the king.

In France the contest was whether the king's will or the will of the nobles should prevail. The great Cardinal

*continued in the next column*



Playfulness, a beautiful so

## A LITTLE GLOUCES

THE lofty pinnaced tower of Chipping Sodbury looks out across miles of Gloucestershire's lovely countryside; close by a 16th-century cross looks down on a broad street with gabled houses. In the town hall is a great chest carved out of a solid oak trunk and weighing over a ton.

Over the 14th-century doorway of the church Christ sits between the two Saint Johns. The nave and aisles are 15th century, but the chancel arch is 13th century, set up by the builders of St Catherine's Chapel. It is the best corner of the church and has a fine old roof. Here on a huge stone in the wall are engraved the portraits of Richard and Edith Colmore, both in outdoor dress with capes, as if to stress the fact that he was master of the Clothworkers' Guild who built the chapel.

Here sleeps a man who should never be forgotten. He is Sir John Walsh, who lived at the manor house across the fields a mile or two away, still in its ancient glory, and he was the patron of William Tyndale, who sat behind the oriel window of his house teaching his sons, and there gathered inspiration for his majestic English Bible. Sir

*continued from the previous column*  
Richelieu overcame the nobles; so that after him, for some sixty years, Louis the Fourteenth could follow his own way as no monarch had done before. Louis died in 1715, after a long reign.

In Richelieu's day all Germany had been wasted by the terrible struggle between the Protestant and Roman Catholic States, called the Thirty Years War, which ended without either having overthrown the other. Also, it was in this same century that the English settled colony after colony along the coast of what we now call the United States of America, while the French took possession of Canada, and in the East both French and English traders set up trading stations in India.





Sculpture by Paul Manship

## VISIT IN WILTSHIRE

John's tomb, plain and worn with age, has one of the queer creatures from his arms looking down.

The chief treasure on which the fine barrel roofs of this church look down is the lovely pulpit cut in stone and reached by steps in one of the pillars of the nave. The parson sits in a tiny fan-vaulted roof with a dainty boss, and over the front of the pulpit is a pinnacled canopy with a charming finial, the pulpit itself rising on a carved bracket. The front is arched with trefoiled arches, and the back has a leaded window looking down on the north aisle.

There are few more interesting pulpits in England than this achievement of our 15th-century masons, yet it has been lost and found again; for it was discovered when the church was restored by George Edmund Street in 1869. He built the Law Courts in London and many great places, but he can have had few more delightful hours than that in which he made the wonderful discovery.

The simple font is 13th century, perhaps 200 years older than the painting fading on the walls.

In the later years of his reign Louis the Fourteenth was minded to make France mightier than all the other nations put together. It may be that the British would not have cared greatly if it had not been that he chose to say he would set the Stuarts up again in England. Then it was that England banded herself with the other nations to resist Louis; and so those wars were fought in which the Duke of Marlborough won his famous victories. Nevertheless, the outcome was that while Louis's great-grandson became King of France after him, a grandson of his became King of Spain, and for many years France and Spain were commonly united in regard to great events in Europe.

*continued next week*

## Familiar Sights of Our New World THE MAN OF THE UNSEEN REALM

FOR more than half his life the man with the microscope is living in a strange world, where the inhabitants are so small that we cannot see them at all with the naked eye.

Yet, if we have any doubt about their existence, they may prove it by giving us a nasty cold in the head, just to let us know that they can make things very unpleasant, if we are not careful.

We do not worry about the bacteriologist, although he is always worrying about us. When we fall ill he puzzles over the cause, and when we get better he strives to find out why.

### A World of Germs

He dwells in a world of germs which are quite invisible until his magic lenses magnify them up to hundreds and thousands of times their natural size, while some are so very tiny that the most powerful microscope fails to make them visible at all. He knows they exist because he has been clever enough to obtain drops of the poison which they create.

A little package comes to him with a note from a doctor who is uncertain about the complaint from which a patient is suffering.

Without delay he goes to work like a detective to single out and identify the invisible speck of life which is making a human being ill. Say that the doctor sends him a few drops of the patient's blood. He may take a drop or two and mix it with other fluids which may make the blood clear or cloudy or form some deposit, and by these signs he can tell at once what is wrong.

On the other hand, if the doctor sends him a few germs from a patient's throat, he may smear them on a glass slide that he will treat with particular dyes which seem to act in the most magical way on certain germs. The germs soak up their favourite colour as though they were tiny sponges, and when he comes to wash off the excess dye he may find them revealed.

### Germs and Colour

Some of the germs so studied will stain blue, some pink, and some green; others will not stain at all until they have been soaked in a special bath which gives them the power to absorb a certain colour; while if others are treated with two colours their insides are stained with one colour and their outsides with the other.

This is a tremendous help to a man with a microscope, for instead of gazing through germs which are practically transparent he is able to examine germs whose shapes and sizes are picked out by the colour they have absorbed.

Dozens of brilliant scientists whose work has done much to make the world a healthier place to live in have spent their lives learning how to identify these invisible specks of life.

One bacteriologist learns a little thing, another adds something to it, so the snowball of knowledge grows. They have washed the small glass slides again and again to make them quite clean; they have boiled them to make sure that no germs remain on them. Still unsatisfied, they have passed the glass through a Bunsen flame in which no germ could possibly survive, and only then have they taken a platinum wire and smeared their germs on the glass and tried to stain them.

Time and again they have done this until after months, or perhaps years,

they have found the way to stain this germ or that to make them stand out under the microscope for all the bacteriologists in the world to recognise.

They puzzle their brains how to prepare different kinds of food that the germ will like. They boil up potatoes and a seaweed jelly and beef and other things to make a medium on which the germs will grow; and experiments have taught them that some germs can live on one food and some on another.

Sometimes the bacteriologist is given a sample of many germs all mixed up, and asked to sort out one particular kind from the rest.

It seems impossible to isolate one type of germ from among a huge number of these minute organisms, much more difficult than finding a particular grain of sand on the seashore. But he refuses to be defeated. In one way or another he will manage it—perhaps by placing the germs on some food that is very favourable to them, in which case those that dislike the food will die and the others flourish to give him what he calls a "pure culture," because there are no other germs mixed up with them.

### A Worker of Miracles

He is indeed a worker of miracles who spends his life fighting against disease. He does not go out like the doctor to treat patients, but shuts himself up in his white-tiled laboratory and studies the habits of germs, how they grow, and what they like and dislike.

All the time he seeks a way of killing them without hurting human beings. With drugs and dyes and heat and cold he goes on experimenting, and perhaps one day, after years of labour, he may vanquish another germ which causes illness in human beings.

He will do a thing thousands of times, making a slight difference each time, in order to achieve his end. Even when he succeeds he may think it is a mistake, or an accident which he cannot repeat, so he will do it again and again to make quite sure about his achievement.

He handles the deadliest germs day by day, and despite his great care a few may enter his body in some way which he cannot foresee and kill him of the very disease which he is striving to prevent and cure.

Some of our noblest heroes are the men behind the microscope who have sought to save humanity from some terrible disease and sacrificed their lives in doing so. Directly one drops, there is another fine and brilliant man stepping forward to take his place.

### What the Trained Eye Sees

Adjusting his microscope and peering down on the dazzling white field the bacteriologist studies something which would be meaningless to most men, but to his trained eye is highly significant.

"Hm! The bacillus typhosus," he will murmur, much as you may remark, "It's a cat."

He rings up a doctor in a remote village, who is soon working with a doctor from the Ministry of Health to trace where that bacillus came from, and perhaps their skill leads them to a faulty drain which is found to be contaminating the water supply.

Thus a dozen people in the village may be saved from dying of typhoid fever, thanks to the man with the microscope, living half in ours and half in the unseen world.

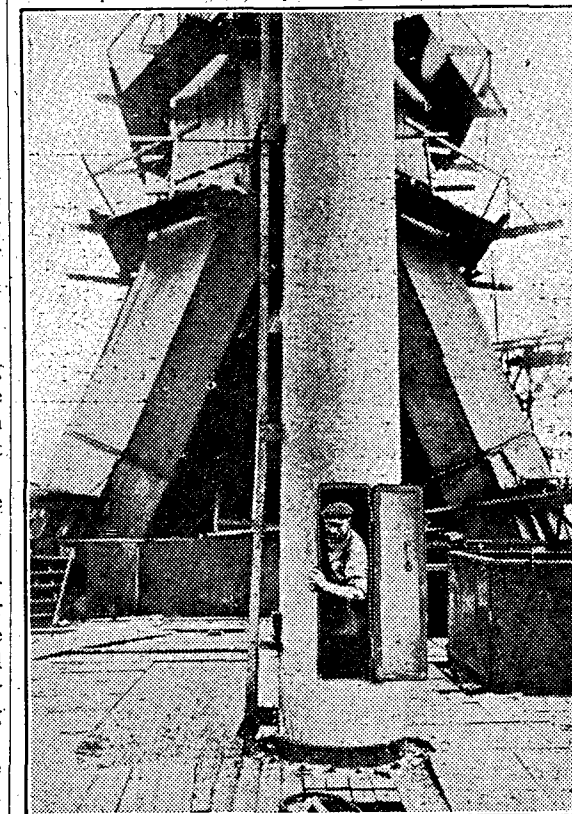
## GOING UP AUTOGIRO · CRANE · LIFT



This new lightweight autogiro with a small twin-cylinder engine has been undergoing tests at Hanworth Aerodrome



Overhauling the pulley blocks of the huge floating crane at Southampton Docks. This picture gives an idea of its size



Inside the mast of the new French liner Normandie a lift has been fitted so that members of the crew can quickly reach the crow's nest. Here a workman is trying out the new lift



# IN SEARCH OF THE OKAPI IN DARKEST AFRICA

Commander Attilio Gatti, the well-known Italian explorer, is the first white man to capture an okapi alive, and hopes to bring two living specimens to the London

hoping to be able to see them, to watch what they did, and to take some photographs of them in their haunts.

I succeeded in the end, but only after many months in the dark, humid depths of the entangled forest.

For the okapi is so cunning and has such a sharp sense of hearing, smelling, and sight that one must go through a lot of training and learn a lot of tricks before being able to get near him and see him.

For hours at a time I had to stay motionless, scarcely daring to breathe, in vegetation up to my neck, while millions of midges stung my face, burrowed into my eyes and my nose, and biting ants and hundreds of other insects attacked me from the ground.

And it meant whole days of struggling

through the forest with all the caution of a Red Indian, having my clothes and my skin torn by thorns and stumps, stumbling over fallen tree-trunks, skidding and falling into deep holes from which I came out with the colour of a Red Indian, so covered was I with red mud.

But the day came when I was not only able to see an okapi, but to come very near to him—even too near. Even to touch him. Or, rather, the okapi succeeded in touching me, and the result was that I found myself suddenly flying through the air and then landing in the mud at a spot ten feet away, with a sharp pain in my ribs and other places.

It happened like this. To try to capture two okapis which I wanted to bring alive to the London Zoo I had dug many big holes and covered them with sticks and leaves in the hope that an okapi would fall into one of them. And one day a beautiful big male did fall, and remained inside unhurt.

He was bigger than a big horse, six feet at the shoulder, and with the lifted head he could reach ten feet.

Not knowing how to pull him out from the hole I dug away the ground in front of it so that the okapi could come out by himself and remain in the strong

palisade I had built all around the hole. There, I thought, he could stay until he became quiet enough to be transported to the base camp.

But the moment the okapi saw before him an opening large enough, with two jumps he was out of the hole and galloping straight toward the palisade.

Bang!—he gave a great butt with his strong head.

My natives had already run up the trees like so many monkeys; and, like monkeys, were chattering and jibbering. Excited by all that noise, the okapi turned, gave a kick, turned again, and

gave another butt with his head. I, who had tried to stop him by shouting and waving my arms in the air, saw his head suddenly appear between the poles of the palisade.

And I didn't have time to see anything else; for, as I have said, our encounter ended in a flight, very undignified and undesired on my part.

This experience was enough to convince me that it was better to try to capture young okapis if I wanted to bring alive to London not only two okapis, but myself as well.

The young ones, naturally, would be much easier to transport and to accustom to captivity. But as they are, of course, much less numerous than the adults, and as during their babyhood they stay hidden in cave-like dens in the thick vegetation, to find one was worse than looking for the needle in the haystack.

Some weeks later, however, with the help of the Pygmies, who are the only human beings able to find and read and follow the tracks of any animal in the forest, one of those dens was discovered. And the following day the baby okapi which was hidden in the centre of that indescribable tangle of vines and bushes was captured and carried back to camp in a canvas bag fastened to two poles. With the arrival of Toto, as the natives

at once christened the little creature, all our life seemed to change. Not because he was exacting or troublesome. On the contrary, one could not have found a little gentleman more quiet and well behaved. But I didn't dare to go away from camp any more for fear that Toto would need something, or that his meals would not be given to him at the right time. And as he had four meals each day, between preparing the milk and inducing him to drink it from a bottle, a lot of time was taken up.

Then, how could I work in my tent for hours and hours with the thought



Toto, the young okapi, extends a portion of his long tongue

Zoo early next summer. He sends us these notes and pictures from the Ituri Forest in the Belgian Congo, where he has been conducting his search. All copyrights are reserved by Commander Gatti.

SOMETIMES at night, after a large helping of pudding, or after having listened to some exciting fairy tale, you may have dreamed of fantastic animals which, when you woke up, you dismissed as creatures of nightmare. But what would you say of an animal



Caught! An adult okapi in a deep pit

which has the black-and-white striped legs of a zebra, the body of an antelope, the neck of a horse, the head of a giraffe with its funny little horns, the feet of an ox, eyes that turn round and round like a chameleon's, and a bright blue tongue a foot and a half long with which he licks himself just like a cat?

Yet this animal, which seems to have been made up of all the odds-and-ends of the zoo, exists, and his name is Okapi (pronounced by the natives okwapi).

The Ituri Forest is the only place in the world where one can find him, and if he had looked the whole Earth over he couldn't have found a better spot in which to hide himself.

For months and months I tried to follow his tracks through that forest, which is so thick and so filled with every possible kind of bush and tree and vine, that one simply cannot imagine it until he has seen it for himself.

For days and days I hid myself at the edges of small clearings where I knew the okapis often came,



Commander Gatti and his friend Toto

that Toto, meanwhile, was all alone and possibly restless?

"I will go to see, just for a moment," I would tell myself. Then Toto would give me such a welcome that I would begin to run and play with him in the piece of forest included in his palisade. And when Toto would tire of this game, and stand near the door of the palisade, expressing with appealing little movements his desire to make an inspection of the clearing, I could not resist.

As soon as the door was open Toto would go to look at the kitchen, and entangle himself where the ropes of the tents were thickest, or to look at the garden we had planted for him, as he would have to learn to eat European vegetables.

Then, if during the night one of those noisy, violent storms of the Equator broke, how could I turn on the other side in my camp bed while perhaps Toto, all alone in the darkness, was frightened or wet from the rain falling through some crevice in the leaves which covered his hut?

Who was wet in the end? I was; but what did I care when Toto at my arrival had shown so much joy and had come at once to hide his head in my arms with so much confidence and trust?

For another four or five months I shall have to continue this kind of life until not one, but two, small okapis will be ready to face the long, long trip, first to the ocean, and then to London.

## Dramatic Scenes From the Bible DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM

DAVID sat between the two gates; and the watchman went up to the roof over the gate unto the wall, and lifted up his eyes, and looked, and behold a man running alone. The watchman cried and told the king, and the king said, If he be alone, there is tidings in his mouth. And he came apace, and drew near.

And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? Ahimaaz answered, When Joab sent me thy servant I saw a great tumult, but I knew not what it was. And the king said unto him, Turn aside, and stand here. And he turned aside, and stood still; and, behold,

Cushi came, and said, Tidings, my lord the king; for the Lord hath avenged thee this day of all them that rose up against thee.

And the king said, Is the young man Absalom safe? And Cushi answered, The enemies of my lord the king, and all that rise against thee to do thee hurt, be as that young man is.

And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!



## 61 CYGNI

### TWO HISTORIC SUNS

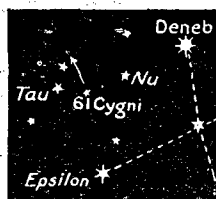
The First Stars Whose Distance Was Measured

### TRIUMPH OF ASTRONOMY A CENTURY AGO

By the C.N. Astronomer

The grand constellation of Cygnus, whose star-clouds, described last week, were seen to be at such terrific distances, contains also one of the nearest stars to our Solar System and therefore to us. This is known as 61 Cygni, and though of only 5th magnitude it may be easily perceived on a clear dark night.

The accompanying star-map shows its position relative to the other faint stars near it, the stars Nu and Tau being about a magnitude brighter than 61 Cygni. These, together with Deneb or Alpha Cygni, the very bright star at the head of the Northern Cross and Epsilon at its western arm, will enable 61 Cygni to be readily identified, with the additional aid of last week's star-map.



Where to find the twin stars of 61 Cygni

If observed through even a small telescope it will be seen that 61 Cygni is composed of two stars, one of 5½ and the other 6 magnitude. They appear close together, but are actually about 4200,000,000 miles apart, much farther than Pluto is from the Sun at the present time; but, unlike Pluto, they are both glowing suns, though somewhat smaller than our Sun. One is about 600,000 miles in diameter and the other about 500,000 miles as compared with 864,000 miles of our Sun.

Actually, until Sirius rises they are the nearest to us of all the stellar host visible to the naked eye in Britain, being at a distance 685,640 times farther than the Sun; whereas Sirius is 556,950 times farther. The Alpha Centauri group, the nearest of all, are never seen from Britain.

The suns of 61 Cygni are more aged than our Sun, being of the Dwarf K type. They have radiated away more of their radiant energy and shrunk to denser bodies with a much lower surface temperature, approaching 4000 degrees Centigrade, whereas that of our Sun is between 5500 and 6000 degrees.

#### Proper Motion

The stars of 61 Cygni were the first whose distances were measured, this being achieved by the astronomer Bessel in 1840 after three years effort. It was a great event, described by Sir John Herschel at the presentation of the Gold Medal of the R.A.S. to Bessel as "the greatest and most glorious triumph which practical astronomy has ever witnessed." Until then all efforts to measure stellar distances had failed.

Now why should Bessel have selected so faint a star as 61 Cygni while so many much brighter stars might have been assumed to be nearer? It was because of the great proper motion, as it is called, possessed by both these stars; Bessel rightly reasoning that stars which appeared to move fastest across the heavens were more likely to be much nearer to us than the majority that revealed but little movement.

This proper motion is the real motion of the star as distinct from the apparent motions caused by the Earth's movements, refraction and the motion of the Solar System through space. This motion of the suns of 61 Cygni amounts to about 65 miles a second, a speed carrying them across an arc of the heavens, as indicated by the arrow on the star-map, in 2000 years. G. F. M.

## THROUGH THE YEAR WITH THE POETS

### Battle of Hohenlinden

#### DECEMBER 3

These lines by Thomas Campbell were written in the year following the victory of the French under Moreau over the Austrians under the Archduke John, December 3, 1800. The scene of the battle, of which the poet was a witness, was the village of Hohenlinden in Upper Bavaria, east of Munich.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
And dark as winter was the flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight  
When the drum beat, at dead of night;  
Commanding fires of death to light  
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,  
Each horseman drew his battle blade,  
And furious every charger neighed  
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven;  
Then rushed the steed to battle driven;  
And louder than the bolts of heaven  
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow  
On Linden's hills of stained snow,  
And bloodier yet the torrent flow  
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun  
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,  
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun  
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,  
Who rush to glory, or the grave!  
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,  
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!  
The snow shall be their winding-sheet;  
And every turf beneath their feet  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

## GIANTS OF THE ROCKS

### 40 Masons Suspended by Ropes

One of the oddest sculpture galleries in the world is taking shape in the United States.

Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, is carving four huge heads of famous presidents from the granite side of Mount Rushmore in South Dakota.

George Washington is now finished, and work is begun on Theodore Roosevelt, Thomas Jefferson, and Abraham Lincoln. A vast tablet will be carved with letters three feet high giving a 500-word history of the United States.

The heads are half as high as the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, and the 40 masons working on them have to be suspended by ropes. The work is taking five years and will cost £100,000.

When the skyscrapers have perished and Mr Hearst has been forgotten men will still be looking at these witnesses of the nation which went Bigger and Better than the Sphinx. Picture on page 3.

## THE CYCLIST IN THE DARK

When walking, riding, or motoring through country lanes we have often longed for some way of bringing reason to the foolish cyclist who rides without a lighted lamp on his handlebar.

It is evidently a practice not confined to this country, for it is common in parts of Germany. The police authorities in Offenbach have hit on a method of curing such cyclists. In future they will unscrew the tops of the tyre-valves so that the tyres go flat, and will leave the offender to push his machine home. He must then call at the police station for his valve tops and pay a fine.

## BABIES IN CAGES

### Chelsea Leads the Way In a New Movement

#### WILL ARCHITECTS NOTE?

At last it is being realised that a big balcony is a cheap and splendid addition to a town house or flat. It is also a boon to mothers.

Lady Enid Jones, of the Chelsea Babies Club, is eloquent on the subject. While waiting for the architects to give us balconies, she says, let us have window cages, in which babies can be put out to air on all suitable occasions. In Chelsea many such cages are in use.

Balcony babies or cage babies, she says, are far more beautiful than "pram" babies. They have body complexions as well as face complexions, something the doctor calls by the word "tone," something which lights the very young from within and knits them together in such a way that instead of looking like the pendulous, new-hatched, flaccid occupants of a recently broken egg, they are biscuit-coloured doll athletes, standing at eleven months.

#### Safety at a Low Price

All of which is excellent, but we hope that mothers will not put out their babies in cages regardless of sun and weather.

The new window cages can be bought and particulars can be obtained from the Association of Maternity Centres, 117 Piccadilly, London, W.

Miss Halford, the secretary, says the association advocates the use of a very strong wire balcony which can be fixed outside any window and is absolutely safe. Its low price brings it within the reach of parents living in flats or houses without gardens.

It is clear that many architects do not yet realise the vital importance of the subject, yet the useful balcony is also most ornamental.

## JUST A WORD TO WESTMINSTER

### A Garden or a Tub, Please

A little more imagination, please, Borough Councils!

We who work in and around London are grateful for the little gardens where we may sit and watch the sunlight playing symphonies in green among the leaves, and for the living colour of tulips or geraniums among these precious trees. But, as these small gardens can be made, and are so much frequented wherever they are, we do not see why empty, dreary spaces should remain.

What about that grey patch in Cambridge Circus, Westminster? A raised garden there, like the one in Shaftesbury Avenue, of which we gave a picture some weeks back, would make both the place and the people round it more cheerful, or we would even be content with a few bushes in tubs.

## FREEDOM FOR THE BIRDS

### We Can All Help

It is now six months since the Act was passed forbidding the sale of any British wild birds.

Not only may no caged bird dealer offer British birds for sale, but if he has birds in his shop which, though caught abroad, are of the same species as British birds he is breaking the law.

Readers of the C.N. can help the R.S.P.C.A. and the Society for the Protection of Birds by keeping their eyes on the bird dealers and, whenever they see caged in a shop a bird which they recognise as a British bird, reporting the matter to Miss M. Bradish, 95 Park Road, Chiswick, London, W.4.

It is no less cruel to keep foreign wild birds in cages, and Parliament's next step must be to forbid their being brought into England.

## 59% GREATER PERFORMANCE

### This Xmas!

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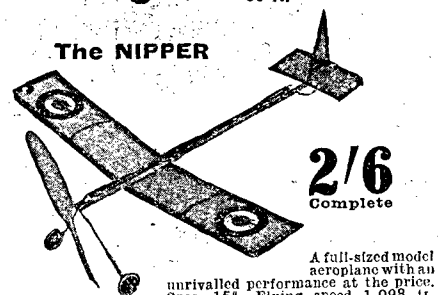
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## Christmas Cheer

"Christmas is coming and the goose is getting fat. Please put a penny in a poor man's hat. If you have not a penny, a halfpenny will do. If you have not a halfpenny—God bless you!"

—So sing slum children who know nothing of the taste of goose and who see small chance of halfpennies coming their way.

Christmas is made the nearest approach to Fairyland for many poor ones by The Salvation Army. Oh, the food, the fun, the presents, distributed last year through the shillings and pounds received from happier children and parents!

This Christmas The Salvation Army has a new General, a fairy godmother, born on a Christmas Day. Please send your "Christmas Cheer" shillings to her, now. She is General Evangeline Booth, 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

## —pass it on through the SALVATION ARMY



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### BIGGEST WATER TUNNEL IN THE EMPIRE

Two lochs in Inverness now form a double reservoir capable of storing more than three times the amount of water in all the reservoirs of the Metropolitan Water Board of London.

These reservoirs have been formed by the erection of two great dams on the lakes of Laggan and Treig in the Lochabar district of Scotland. They have been built in connection with the supply of power to the factories of the Aluminium Company at Fort William.

Here engineers are working out the biggest water-power scheme in this island, and they have divided their task into three stages. The first stage was completed a year or two ago, and now the second stage with these two dams is finished.

#### Beneath Ben Nevis

The Laggan dam is 700 feet long and reaches a height of 140 feet above the bed of the River Spean, which flows through the loch. The dam has the effect of increasing the length of the loch from seven and a half to twelve miles, giving it an area of four square miles. By means of a pressure tunnel three miles long and over 14 feet in diameter the waters of this loch are carried into Loch Treig, whose level has been raised 40 feet by the second dam.

Loch Treig, covering nearly three square miles, is of great depth, and both the lakes now have a total storage capacity of some 60,000 million gallons, enough for half the people of England and Wales. From Loch Treig the water flows through a 15-mile tunnel under the mountain range crowned by Ben Nevis. This tunnel, which is lined with concrete, is the biggest water tunnel in the British Empire.

The expenditure on the whole scheme so far amounts to nearly five million pounds, and when the third stage of the work, involving the construction of another dam 900 feet long and 30 feet high, is finished we shall have in Great Britain a power station with a plant able to produce 130,000 horse-power.

#### WHERE THE HERO WAS

In his story of his own life Lord Snowden gives many pictures of men whom he has known. He has a high opinion of Mr Montagu Norman, the great financier, who is said by him to have one of the kindest natures and most sympathetic hearts it has been his privilege to know. One pleasant story of him is recalled.

In the South African War Mr Norman won the D.S.O., and on his return his own people met him at the railway station with a brass band and other marks of honour.

"A carriage from which the horses had been taken was waiting to convey him to his home. The men in the shafts, when they happened to look round, saw the hero of the occasion helping to push the empty carriage from behind."

#### THE G.P.O. AND THE TRAVELLER

Many people are still unaware that the Post Office now gives depositors in its Savings Bank the great convenience of using Traveller's Warrants.

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## THE IDLE YOUNG

### A SERIOUS SITUATION

What is Being Done To Educate Juvenile Workers

### SOME URGENT PROBLEMS

A million young people entitled to unemployment benefit have received some sort of training in Junior Instruction Centres since 1918.

So it is reported by Mr Valentine Bell, the gifted Principal of the Battersea Day Continuation School, who has made a special report on Junior Training Centres for the Carnegie Trust.

While recording what has been done Mr Bell reports that the present situation is serious. A large number of boys and girls will be leaving school and seeking work during the next few years. Now there is an increase in the placings of juveniles in work, and a great proportion of boys and girls are staying on at their day schools. The future outlook is alarming because a large proportion of these early placings in work is of a non-permanent character, and many young people will find themselves unemployed at 18 years of age or so.

"Juvenile jobs," jobs that do not last, have been created by machinery and the development of repetition work.

#### Not Enough Training

The problem of young people of 18 to 21 years of age is, therefore, possibly more serious than that of the juveniles. About 149,937 young men and young women (18-21) were registered at the employment exchanges on April 23, 1934, compared with 110,455 juveniles (14-18), and there were no effective training courses in operation to deal with the older age group.

Only about a quarter of the boys and a tenth of the girls registered as unemployed are in attendance at courses of instruction. The boys and girls who attend the courses are mostly over 16.

Of the buildings used to house the courses some are permanent school premises, but disused factories, private houses, club premises, and temporary hutments have been hired.

Equipment is generally efficient, Mr Bell states, but it varies. All centres, Mr Bell considers, should have a piano, a telephone, a radio set, and a library of books, magazines, and newspapers.

The superintendents are mainly trained teachers, but well-educated social workers and skilled craftsmen, with workshop experience and good qualifications, also hold these posts.

#### What Training Should Do

Many more Juvenile Centres are made necessary by the new Unemployment Act, because non-claimants as well as claimants to benefit will be compelled to attend. The most urgent problems will be those of finding suitable premises and capable instructors.

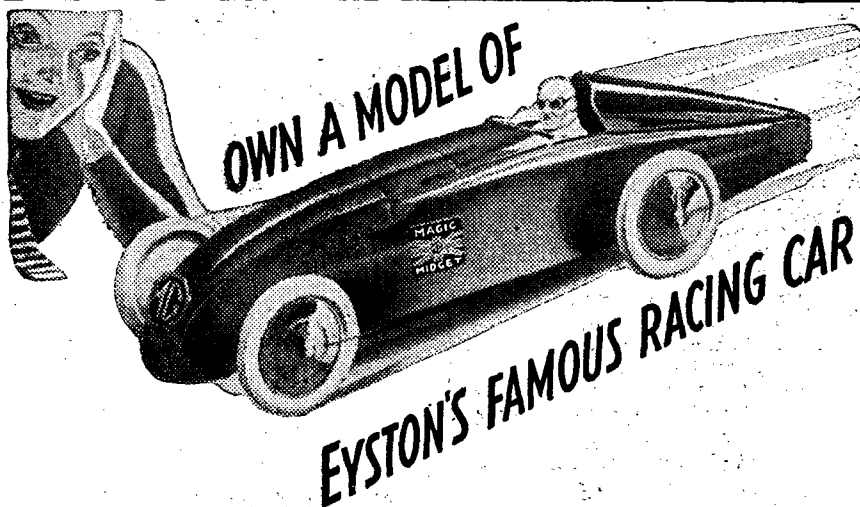
If special buildings are erected they should be so planned that they can be used during the evenings as club institutes, or during the day as senior schools. There should be recognition of this service as permanent, so that competent teachers may be secured.

There will be general agreement that these training schools must be regarded as a necessary part of our industrial and educational system.

Training of the idle young should do more than help them to learn a trade; it should help them as individuals to develop their personalities.

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The Magic Midget has an all-steel body with a powerful clockwork motor, rubber wheels with polished aluminium disc.

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1st February 1934

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(Signed) Tony Eyston

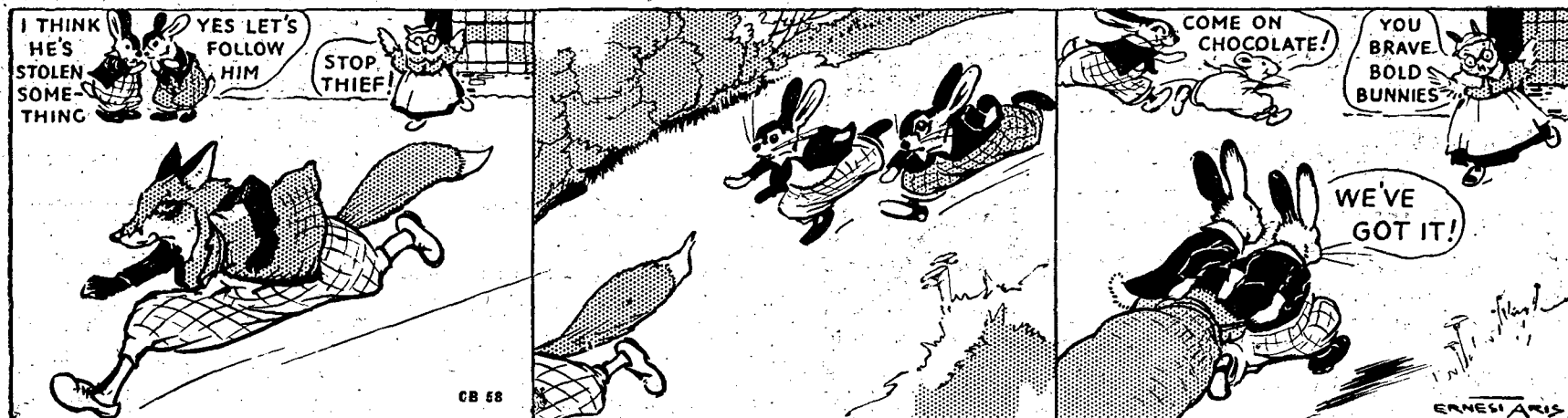
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They found the stolen goods. So, thanks to the Bunny heroes, when the Cococubs came in to spend their Saturday pennies, Granny Owl was ready with their bars of lovely Cadburys Chocolate.

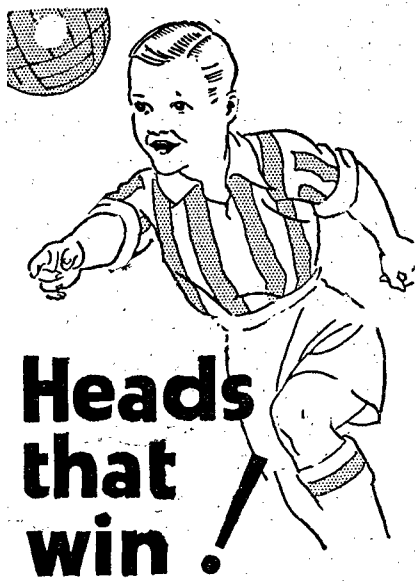
So great has been the demand for the Children's Bournville Cocoa that although factories all over the country are working overtime there aren't enough Cococub models to go round. We can't give you the Cocoa without your toy, so don't be too disappointed if you can't get it in the shops. Wait till after Christmas—when there will be lots of Cococubs again.

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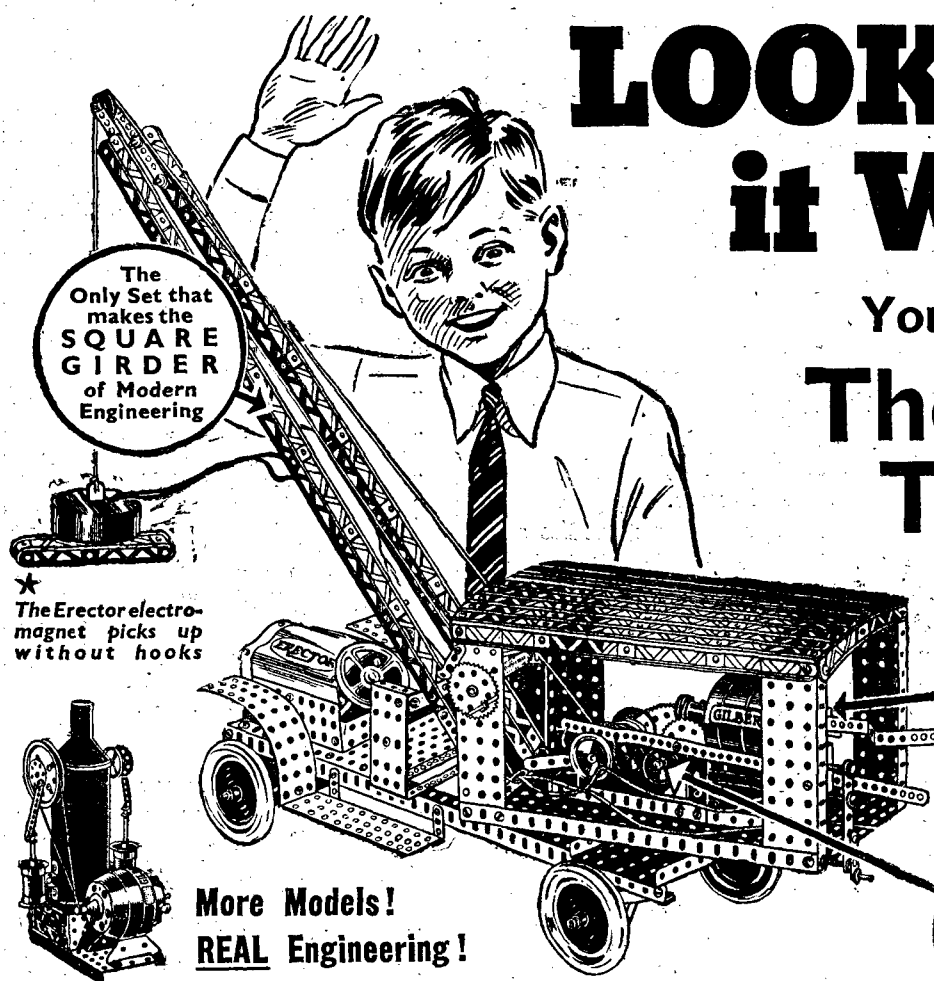
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Behold the pets getting all excited over Auntie's surprise, a pot of delicious Robertson's Mince-meat. "Oooo!" says Squeak, "what lovely mincepies we shall have." "And tarts, and roly-poly," says Pip. "Coo-Coo," says Wilfred as he thinks of the treats in store. The pets are going to ask Auntie to make some goodies as soon as she can. They can hardly wait for her to get started, because they know how toothsome Robertson's Mince-meat is.

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DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

# THE RED LIGHT

A Mystery Story  
By John Mowbray

## CHAPTER 37

### Harbour Pays

MR JOHN GRAVESEND was seated on the Head's chesterfield, rarely occupied save by visitors of importance. He looked older and tired, and the bright light revealed lines of strain at the corners of his eyes and mouth. His gaunt frame was leaning forward, his eyes studying the carpet, his hands, with their lean, long fingers, gripped his knees.

The Head had been pacing the room with quick, nervous steps. Now on a sudden he halted.

"And so, Mr Gravesend," he uttered, "my inquiries led nowhere."

"You mean your inquiries into the silly story about Arnold being seen in his former study in the middle of the night?"

"Yes. It has shaken the school, you know, Mr Gravesend."

The old gentleman raised his eyes.

"But it's nonsense," he uttered. "Why not write to him?"

"I have. But he has not replied."

"Then let that rest for the moment. There can't be anything in it. It is Harbour whom I came to talk about. He has been missing for two nights now."

"Two nights," said the Head.

"I understand from you that there's nothing wrong with his character?"

"I have found him a splendid boy," the Head replied firmly. "There is no one in the school to whom I would give a higher character. If he's dogged and tenacious he's on worse for that."

"No; no one's the worse for grit," rejoined the old gentleman, recalling his own long days of struggle and stress. "The more grit one has the better. But as Harbour's that sort I'm more puzzled than ever to think why he's taken to his heels. I can't see any motive. Can you?"

"Not the slightest. If I could it might help us to find him."

A discreet knock sounded on the door, and was followed by Thrupp, the Head's butler, who drew the door to behind him before stepping up to his master.

"It's the young gentleman, sir," he uttered in a solemn and cautious undertone. "Mr Harbour, sir."

"What!" the Head cried in almost a shout.

"The young gentleman, sir, Mr Harbour," the butler repeated.

"Send him in a few minutes, Thrupp."

"Very good sir," said Thrupp.

And the butler went out as steadily as he had entered, while the two men he left first exchanged a long, surprised glance, before the elder, his grey, drawn features racked with perplexity, drew his long limbs out from the chesterfield and made his way to the window without a word, his hands clasped behind him, now and his back to the room.

The Head, a spruce, dapper figure, returned to his table, where he seated himself, took a writing-pad and a pencil, and, while making a note of the date and the time, uttered:

"Well, Mr Gravesend! Wonders will never cease, will they!"

Thus did each of these two mask that emotion which Harbour's reappearance had stirred in them both.

A tap on the door. A quiet step. It was Harbour.

At once the lean, stooping figure swung round from the window and bent upon him from under those iron-grey eyebrows such a long and searching look that Harbour winced. He came to a standstill at attention in front of the Head.

"Well, Harbour?"

So they were going to leave him to account for himself before submitting him to a shower of questions. He was glad of this. It made it less difficult for him.

"Well, Harbour?" the Head said again in a cold, restrained tone.

Standing very still, though conscious of John Gravesend's eyes and aware that his every word would be weighed by them both, he answered: "Sir, I went of my own accord," and he told them where he had hidden himself on the first evening. "And yesterday morning," he proceeded in a clear voice, "I left the quarry first thing and I went as far as Church Ferry, where I caught one of the motor-buses to Bullfield. I wasn't wearing my school ribbon or flannel clothes, and none of the country people took any notice of me."

He was beginning to feel uncomfortable in their stiff silence, and had paused, but the Head was signing to him to continue.

"From Bullfield I took the cross-country bus, sir, to Abbot's Well, where I spent the rest of the day. I had taken my night things, and I slept in the little hotel there."

There burst from the Head's lips an astounded:

"Why ever?"

"Because that was my plan, sir," he answered quickly and eagerly. "My plan was to keep away from the school for two nights—"

John Gravesend came striding forward and, grasping Harbour's shoulder, he pulled him round till his face was full in the light. "Stand there! Let me look at you!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Now, tell me! What was the matter with you? Whatever possessed you to stay away for two nights?"

"Sir," said Harbour, looking him straight in the eyes, "it's rather hard to put into words, but I'll try. Sir, I think those strange things that happened to Crittall and Dunstable are connected somehow with some person inside the school, so I thought, sir, that if I disappeared for two days and then came back and pretended I'd lost my memory—"

"But you're not pretending you've lost your memory?" broke in the Head.

"No, sir. Not to you, sir," Harbour said quietly. "That part was to depend, sir, upon your instructions."

"Do you make head or tail of this?" cried the Head to John Gravesend.

Mr Gravesend's puzzled expression was changing a little. "I'm not so sure," he said guardedly. "Go on, boy. You thought that if you stayed away for two nights and then returned pretending you had lost your memory—well, what was going to happen then, did you suppose?"

"This, sir," said Harbour. "The unknown person who is at the bottom of the disappearance would be mystified by my disappearance."

Mr Gravesend nodded.

"And being mystified like that, sir, he might try, for his own sake, perhaps, to sound me and silence me."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr Gravesend.

"Or even from sheer curiosity, sir," Harbour added, no longer wincing under the gaze of those keen, searching eyes, "even his curiosity might give him no rest till he'd tried to pump me to find out what I'd been doing."

"So you were laying a trap for him, were you?"

"Yes, sir," Harbour confided.

"If the unknown, as you call him, is someone belonging to the school—"

"I think he must be," said Harbour.

"Who?"

Harbour turned to the Head, who had shot out this question. "I don't know, sir," he answered without hesitation, being determined to keep Gastalin's name out of it until he had some solid ground for his suspicions.

"Are you telling only the truth about your disappearance?"

"Yes, I've told you nothing but the truth, sir," said Harbour.

They sent him out to the ante-room while they discussed him.

He had spoken the truth, they agreed. His motive was good. But his methods must be suppressed. Accordingly, after threshing the subject out, the Head had him back and pronounced judgment.

"I am taking your excellent character into account, Harbour; otherwise your punishment would be much graver. For the rest of this term you will report yourself at detention drill and you will forfeit your Upper School privileges."

"And it might have been much worse," thought Harbour.

"Oh, and did you come straight to me when you got back just now, Harbour?"

"Yes, sir. But I think one or two of the boys caught sight of me."

"Very well. Now mark. I forbid you to increase the general uneasiness by imparting your suspicion to any of the boys that the trouble originates inside the school. You must leave Mr Gravesend and myself to look into that."

"Then, sir, what explanation shall I give of my absence?" he asked.

"None, Harbour. Go back into school and carry on as if nothing had happened, and when you are questioned reply that you have accounted for your absence to me and that I have punished you and forbidden you to discuss it. Of course I shall take Mr Lakin into my confidence, and he will see to it that you are left alone."

Continued on page 22



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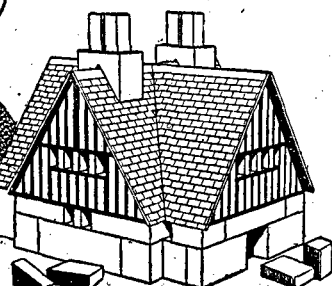
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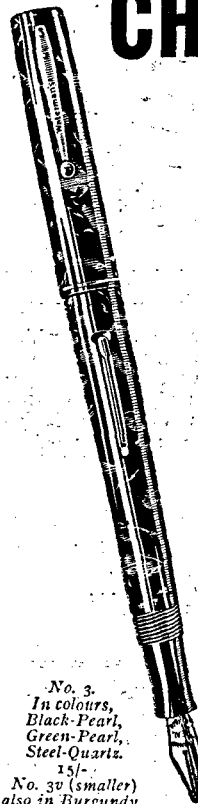
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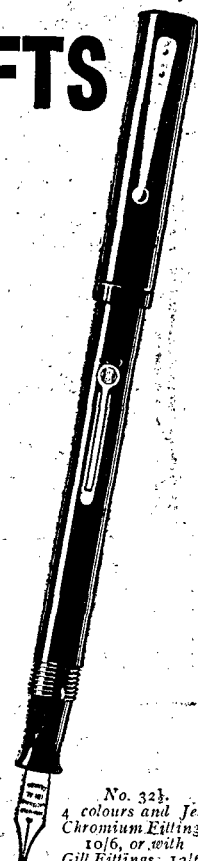
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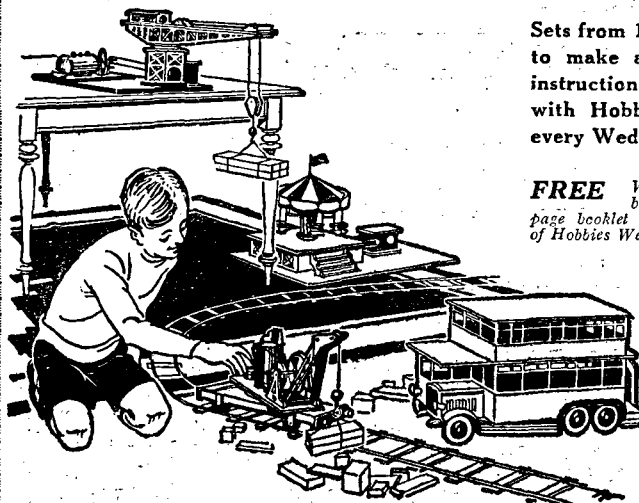
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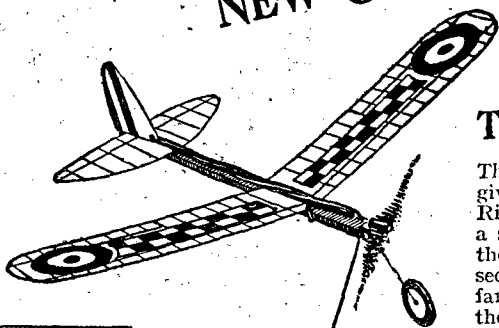
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Continued from page 20

"Yes, I understand, sir," said Harbour. Then he thanked them both, and withdrew more confident than before that if his plan bore fruit, the price he was paying would be worth it. His next step now was to keep upon the alert; to watch and wait for some approach from the unknown.

### CHAPTER 38

#### Did Gastalin Know?

TRUMAN rose to his feet, and inserting a finger into the inkwell he plucked that inoffensive receptacle out of its socket in the desk, tossed it up to the ceiling, and caught it again. "That's that, Pop!" cried he, as he wiped his hand on the blotting paper. "We've jolly well drained the old inkpot and I hope the Lakin bird will be satisfied. It was decent of him to let us take our time over it!" He was alluding to the formidable imposition whereto he had just attached his illustrious signature.

"Yes," said Popplestone, as he signed his final sheet also, "we've taken our time right enough. But what I say is this, Tru: to be dropped upon for going downstairs in the middle of the night is fair and square enough; a man can't kick at that. But to be flatly told that you haven't seen what you have seen, that," cried Popplestone indignantly, "is the sheer limit!"

"Well, if you're ready we'll take these things up to Lakin."

So, collecting their sheets and fastening them with a clip, they left the dayroom and were making their way down the corridor when, chancing to glance at the door of Gastalin's study, they saw it beginning to open slowly and cautiously till a little crack showed, and Gastalin's face at the crack. It gave them a start, there was something so stealthy about it, as if Gastalin were on the watch for someone.

Then the lurking face disappeared, as the crack closed again. They stared at each other and passed, but had not reached the corner before they heard their names uttered in a whisper and looked round to see Gastalin beckoning to them from his doorway.

"Hi, you two! I want you."

"Come along! Let's sham we didn't hear him," breathed Truman.

But Popplestone's indignation was still in full flow, and back he went, with Truman perforce at his heels, to brandish his imposition under Gastalin's nose. "If you want to know where we're going, Gastalin," he blurted out hotly, "we're taking these beastly imposts up to old Lakin, and it's all your fault that we had them to do!"

"Shut up, you little toad!" said Gastalin hoarsely. He grabbed at their arms, and exclaiming "In you come!" pulled them into his study. There he shut the door at once and planted his back to it.

"Now!" he said, with a slow, lingering relish.

"Now yourself!" retorted the truculent Popcorn amazingly. Never had Truman known him so fiery before. "We saw what we saw, Gastalin. You know we did. But you haven't stuck up for us. We've got to keep shamming we were both in such a blue funk that our eyes played us tricks, we've got to pretend that we didn't see what we did see, and to say we're sorry for frightening people for nothing. It isn't fair, Gastalin. And you know it isn't!"

Then, having thus boiled over, the Popcorn cooled down.

"And now perhaps you'll let us go," he added more reasonably.

Truman said, "But what did you want us for, Gastalin?"

"Ah," said Gastalin, as he dropped his hands into his pockets and leaned his body more comfortably against the door, "what did I want you for? Well, that can wait, Truman. Now, Popplestone, my man, you said something just now which you've got to explain before either of you stirs from this room. I think you said, 'his voice dropped, that I knew you'd seen Arnold?'"

"Well?" growled Popplestone.

"Well, what's your authority?" Gastalin said very quickly.

"Our authority! I don't understand you," said Popplestone.

"Who told you I knew you'd seen Arnold?"

"No one told us," owned Popplestone. A smile, which might have been a smile of amusement or a smile of relief, crossed Gastalin's lips and was gone again. "Then what makes you suppose," he said, with his eyes fixed upon them, "that I should know it was Arnold you saw?"

"Because it was," stammered Popplestone rather uncomfortably.

"Because it was! Oh, come!" exclaimed Gastalin, with the air of being

willing to humour them. "Consider, you two. You said you were sure it was Arnold; all right! You are sure. But it doesn't follow that I must be sure. That's not logic."

"Logic!" retorted Popplestone, with a loud snort. "Logic doesn't come into it at all, Gastalin. Listen," he continued, indignant again. "If Truman and I came down here in the night we saw Arnold. If Tru and I didn't see Arnold we didn't come down. Then why have we got this fat impot unless we saw Arnold? Before you talk of logic, answer that, Gastalin."

"I'm not going to answer it," said Gastalin slowly. "I'm just going to tell you that if you dare to go round saying that I know it was Arnold you saw in my study, I'll give you cause to repent it. Is that enough?"

Before either could reply there were sounds of commotion outside, a great rush of feet in the corridor and excited shouting. Gastalin opened the door and pushed his head out as somebody came pelting round the far corner with a noisy mob at his heels. They were calling to him to stop, "Whoa, Harbour! Hey! Harbour!" and Gastalin drew back into the room with a dark, startled scowl.

"What's the matter?" stared Truman. "It's only Harbour come back!"

"I didn't know he'd—he'd returned," muttered Gastalin.

"Didn't you! We did!" laughed Truman. "Someone spotted him going into the Head about three o'clock. Now I suppose they want to get hold of him to find out what happened."

The door was burst open and Harbour darted in breathlessly.

### CHAPTER 39

#### An Old Man Opens His Heart

HAVING doubled back on his pursuers Harbour had seemingly burst into Gastalin's study for refuge.

"Do you mind," he was panting, as he snatched up a chair and propped it securely under the door handle. "I'm sorry," he went on, without looking round, "but I must get away from these idiots. They're buzzing round me like bees to know where I've been, and I'm not going to tell them, Gastalin."

He paused. "Gastalin," he repeated, "I'm not going to tell them." Then, turning round as he straightened himself up from the door, he discovered that he and Gastalin were not alone.

"Oh, halloo!" he uttered in a lame way to Truman and Popplestone, who had been regarding him in silence with wide, goggled eyes. They were bursting to know where he'd been and what he'd been doing, and were hoping that Gastalin would not eject them. So Truman thought he had better make hay while the sun shone.

"I say! We're jolly glad to see you back, Harbour!" he ventured.

"Yes, we thought you'd broken your leg or something," squeaked Popplestone.

But it didn't act. Harbour looked from them back to Gastalin. "Well, I've come back with my right memory," he pronounced, in a very slow tone which struck even Truman as strange. "But I'm instructed not to talk, Gastalin. Not to talk."

"You've been to the Head?" answered Gastalin, jerking his words out.

"Yes. And Mr John Gravesend was with him," said Harbour.

"Oh," said Gastalin.

"Yes," said Harbour.

Their eyes met again.

There was silence.

But Popplestone broke it. "Harbour," he cried, "I say, Harbour? If we're not allowed to ask you what you've been doing, are we allowed to ask you if you saw Arnold? I mean, when you ran away, or whatever you did, did you see Arnold? We saw him the other night, just before you went, Harbour—"

"Oh, stow that!" roared Gastalin, and went to the door, removing the chair that kept it, and throwing it wide. "The corridor's clear," he declared. "You can go if you like now. All three of you," he said in an unsteady mutter.

Harbour gave him a nod, and slipped out. The other two followed. And Gastalin, as soon as he was alone again, drew his diary from his pocket and made a quick note in it.

In the meantime Harbour had bent his steps toward the avenue, to fetch his attaché case from Dendy's lodge, where he had left it in order to render his return less conspicuous. He was not hurrying. He had given his pursuers the slip, and now he wanted to spin out the time until afternoon school so that he could continue to keep

Continued on page 24



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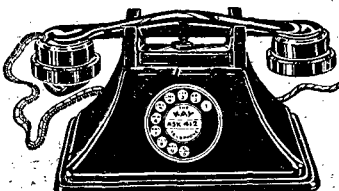
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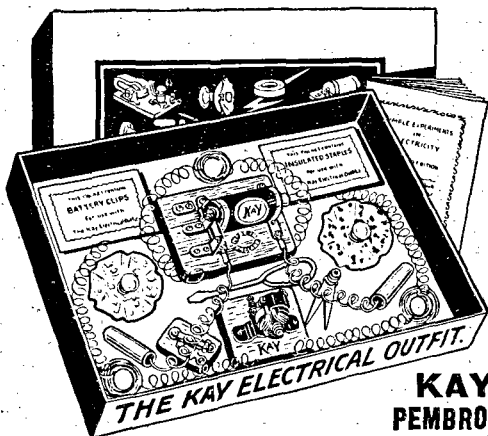
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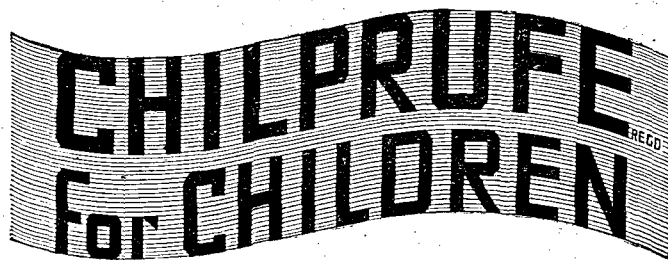
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Continued from page 22

himself to himself. And as he went he was smiling. Things were beginning to move.

He had reflected that he had given Gastalin his opening. In fact, if those two wretched kids had not been in the study Gastalin might easily, he thought, have come out with something. "For you rattled him, Harbour, my boy," he encouraged himself. "If he's in the know he won't rest till he's tried to pump you."

So, confident that Gastalin would make some approach, he was proceeding at a leisurely pace down the avenue when a tall figure stepped from the trees. It was Mr John Gravesend. At once Harbour came to a stop.

"I wish to speak to you," the old gentleman said very gravely.

It was a moment which Harbour was destined never to forget. Yet how little could he foresee, as they stepped off the gravel and fell in side by side to pace beneath the quiet trees, that this rugged, care-driven man was about to open his heart to him? Nor was it a moment John Gravesend would wish to forget. For it may be that Harbour had awakened a lonely man's longings; that from the instant Harbour had come to the Head with his story John Gravesend had been wishing, more keenly than ever, that fate had granted him a son of his own; and had been thinking that if he'd been given a son of his own he would have wished that boy to have been a boy just such as this one, who for other people's sake had dared a great deal.

Perhaps this thought was behind the first words he uttered.

"That was a brave thing you did," he said.

Harbour said nothing and fixed his eyes on the branches. He felt uneasy, he wondered what could be coming.

"Yes, it was a brave thing," the slow tones went on. "You were trying to lift the cloud from the school. I'd give everything in the world, lad, to see that cloud lifted."

And still Harbour could not think of any reply.

The next words revealed the man's heart. "I have worked hard, you know. I never enjoyed much education myself. Bodlands

School stands for my life's work. Did you know that?"

Harbour breathed a shy "Yes, sir." "And now see!" The voice beside him was coming more painfully. "My life's work is threatened by these abominable happenings. They tell me that I ought to call in the police. And what if I do? My school is ruined by the publicity. My life's work and my ambitions are tumbled to dust. At one stroke all I have fought for goes with a crash."

Harbour shrank from the rising pain in the man's voice. "Sir," he stammered, "it's awful for you. I know, sir." He felt the awe of being taken into such confidence.

"I was abroad when I bought the place. I was abroad while the school was being built. From first to last the Clavidius agents in London kept the place's bad reputation from me. How was I to know? How was I to know its bad name! Had I known so much as a breath I would never have bought it."

Harbour felt on firmer ground now. "But, sir," he rejoined, "you are not superstitious."

There was silence; then the anguished voice steadied itself. "Superstition is often ignorance. If superstition implies unnatural fear or cannot be severed from fear, then I'm not superstitious. For none of us has room for unnatural fear, lad. Fear creeps among mankind, but man can expel fear. You have proved that for yourself."

Harbour thought of the wood.

"But superstition without fear, that we can't banish," John Gravesend added thoughtfully after a pause. "Those who have lived as I have among the wild places of the earth come across strange things which evade explanation. Aye, strange and unaccountable things, lad, do happen."

Then he let his hand drop gently on Harbour's shoulder, and Harbour perceived how tired he looked. "Well, lad, we must go on doing our best," he was uttering. "You and I must have another chat one of these days." He turned, but came back and bent his face close to Harbour's. "Lend them all some of your courage, boy. Lend them your courage." The bent and ungainly figure went striding away.

TO BE CONTINUED

## JACKO HAS A CALLER

ONE day Adolphus announced that he had bought a second-hand piano.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed Mother Jacko in alarm. "We can't do with two pianos in the parlour!"

"Keep cool, Mater," replied Adolphus airily. "It's going in my bedroom so that I can practise without being disturbed."

When the piano arrived Adolphus strummed on it so much that his parents were thankful it was upstairs instead of

Jacko! "There's a horrid-looking tramp at the door," he cried.

Sure enough, just then the bell rang.

"Don't worry! We're not going down till he's gone," whispered Jacko.

But the man had no intention of going. He knocked and rang for what seemed like ages.

Jacko was scared. "What's he wanting at an empty house?" he muttered, wishing Baby hadn't shown himself at



Jacko flew to open the door

down. All went well, till news came that a family with young children had taken the empty house next door.

"You'll keep those youngsters awake, Adolphus, with all that racket," declared his young brother.

Mrs Jacko felt worried about it, and she told Jacko to pop along while the house was empty and find out if the music could be heard. Adolphus hurried off to his piano; while Jacko ran in next door, taking Baby with him.

They hadn't been there a minute when a scream came from Baby, who was looking through the window. "Look,

the window. Suddenly he scampered to a back window, and called to Colonel Chimp, who was in his garden.

"Hi!" he shouted. "Come round at once. There's a dangerous —"

Colonel Chimp didn't wait to listen. Flinging down his spade, he rushed out through the gate.

Another impatient ring was heard, and Jacko flew to open the door. There stood a blustering, bewildered Colonel; but the angry man beside him was no tramp at all.

He was the charlady's husband, who had come to fetch her brushes!



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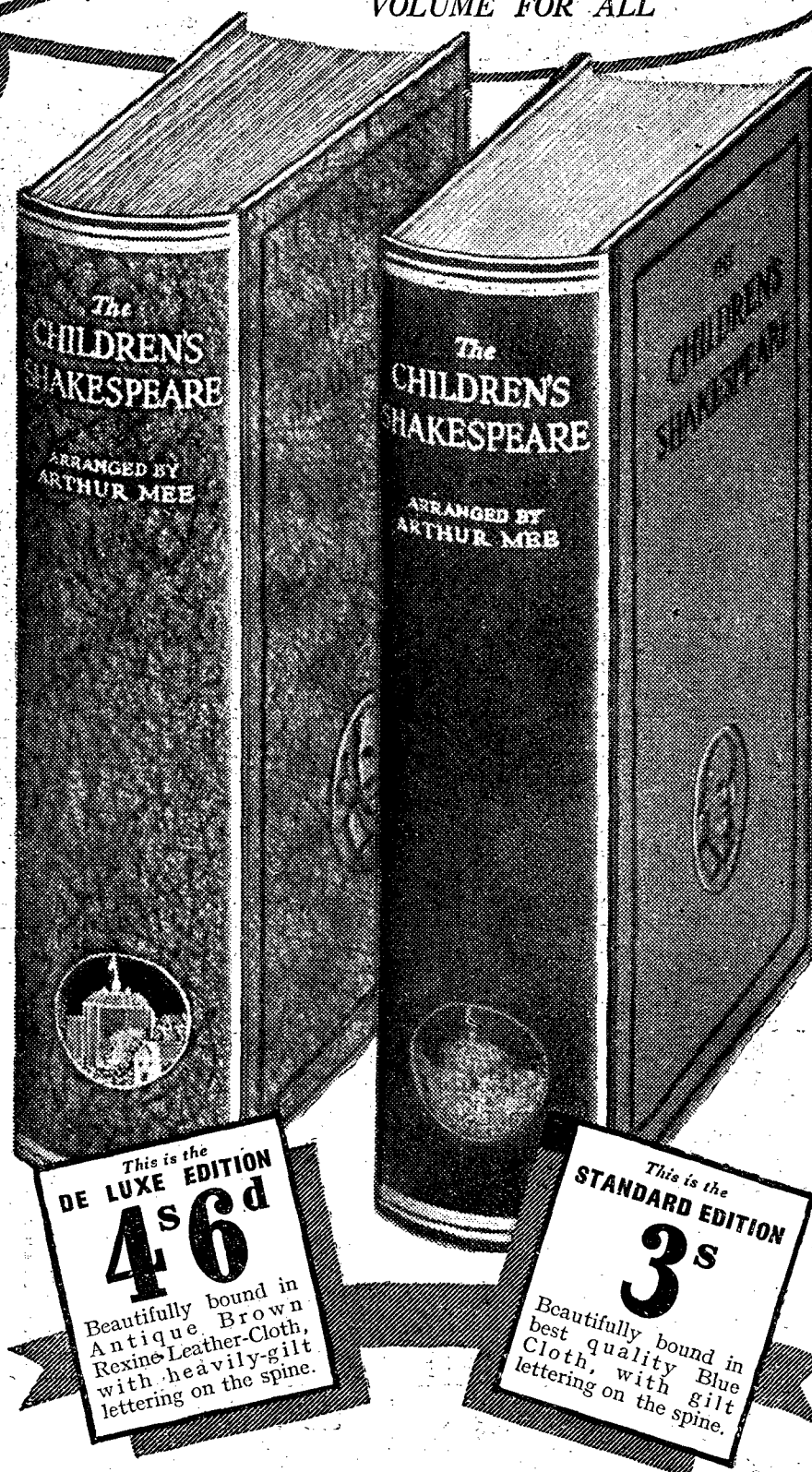
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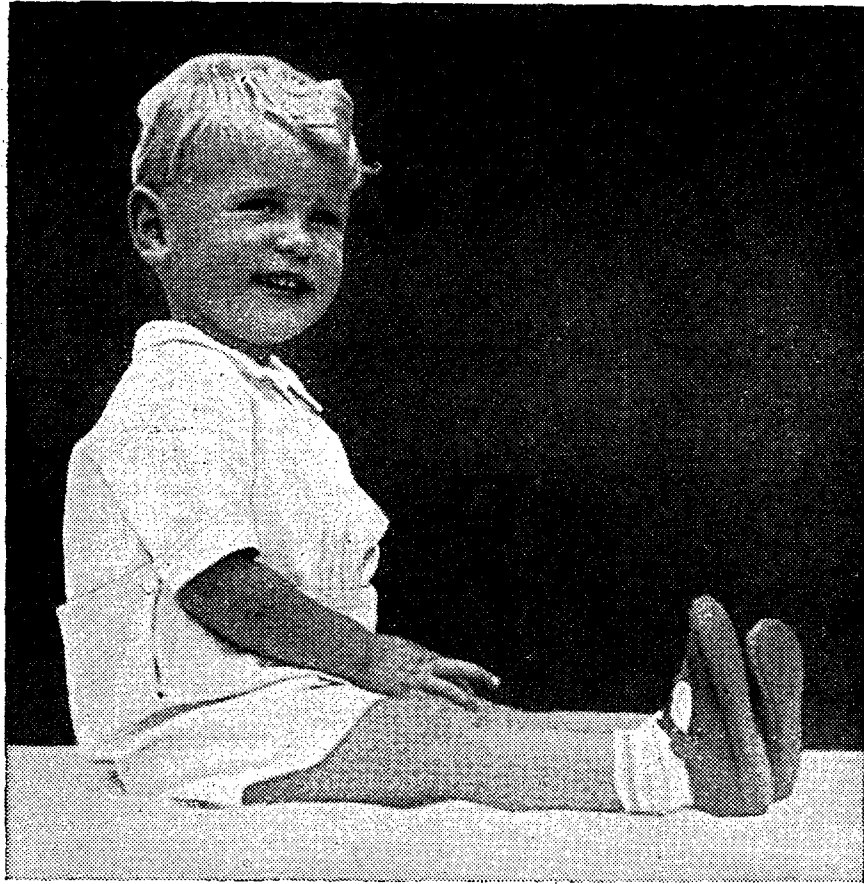
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It has to be a very large party. Even the Albert Hall would not hold all who ought to be asked. The largest hearted of you could not find room for them by your own fireside. So you must let others be your almoners, to send out your invitations, to see that the right children get them, as well as your presents.

You must spare a present from your Christmas tree, a gift big or small, and then you can imagine it tied on to one or other of a thousand Christmas trees in a hundred places.

Smiles you will never see will break out at sight of your present; laughter, excited and shrill, will rise from childish throats, and you will not hear it. But when your own Christmas tree is lighted, and those near and dear to you gather round it, the candles will gleam all the brighter because one present from the branches has gone out to one of those unseen, unknown mites. Every time any of them says "Merry Christmas," the words are borne on the wireless of the heart to join you and them together.

You can come a little closer to them if you will spare the time and make the opportunity. There is the Infants Hospital, for example, with the wards all lighted up and the presents spread

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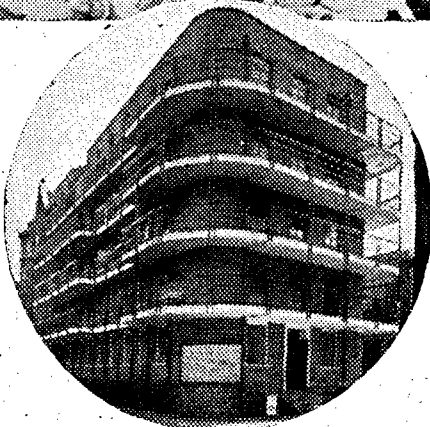
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# APPEAL SUPPLEMENT



## To Your Party

out above the coverlets of the cots. So merry is the sight it hides the sadness underneath. This hospital has just been reconstructed and the new building is to be opened next week. Your Christmas present might help toward the cost.

Or there are the gay entertainments at those Barnardo Homes for boys and girls and babies who together make a family of thousands. It is a well-conducted family, well brought up, properly clothed and fed, taught to be industrious, and likely to become good citizens. But they are all the better for some extra jam on the bread and butter now and then. Do not let them forget that Christmas comes but once a year.

THE homes for orphaned and crippled children too, the Tiny Tims who get a poor start in life's handicap. Think of them. We like to remember that one of the noblest souls of our time, the Earl of Aberdeen, had them always in mind, and had planned to broadcast an appeal for the Farningham Homes for Little Boys when he passed to where beyond these voices there is peace. And when he had gone his devoted wife made it her first duty to say she would do for him what he would have done.

If only we could make an appeal as touching for all that need it, for the children under the care of the Shaftesbury Ragged School Union and the Field Lane Institution; for those who are under the eye of the Missions of the East End, such as the West Ham Central Mission or the Metropolitan Visiting and Relief Association; and for those poor children visited by men and women who know the seamy side of London only too well.

THEY can tell you sad stories of the Children's Courts; but they can gladden you with other tales of children given new hope and new life by acts of simple charity and goodness. "So much as you do it to one of these Little Ones"—that is what all of us have to remember at this time of year, at Christmas, which is the Children's festival. So spare something from your Christmas tree. Invite at least one of them to your party and trust that none is left out.

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Wouldn't you like to be Father Christmas to that home? If they are forgotten there will be no Christmas toys or Christmas cheer this year.

And this is only one case. We have a family of about 3,000 children, and many of them have fathers who are out of work and mothers who cannot afford even to give them a little extra food.

What a happy Christmas YOU would have if you gave a happy Christmas to some other child!

WE WANT TOYS, PUDDINGS, CLOTHES, BOOTS & MONEY.

Gifts, large and small, will be gratefully received and acknowledged by—

Rev. R. ROWNTREE CLIFFORD,

**WEST HAM CENTRAL MISSION**

409, BARKING ROAD, LONDON, E.13.

## Mr. Gladstone's Society

—carries on to-day the task he set it ninety-one years ago—to bring into the poorest homes in INDUSTRIAL LONDON AND GREATER LONDON effective help in time of need, sickness, sorrow, accident, death. There are over A THOUSAND PARISHES in the area he wanted to serve. Thousands of parish workers who daily go to cheer the struggling people in these dark streets are looking to you boys and girls. If you are going to have a jolly Christmas yourselves, will you be like Mr. Gladstone and give a thought to those who are not? Every penny you send will be spent upon really worth-while service, planned and thought out.

Send your contributions, however small, to—

The Honorary Treasurer,

**METROPOLITAN VISITING & RELIEF ASSOCIATION**

(Founded by W. E. Gladstone),

296, VAUXHALL BRIDGE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1.

## "Will Santa Claus Come?"

Thousands of poor or crippled children are thinking about Santa Claus. Ill-housed, ill-nourished, badly-clothed, their lives bare from one year to another, they still cling to the hope that he will remember them. Will you be their Santa Claus? Will you send a game, a toy, warm clothing, nourishing food, money—anything, however little, just to show that *somebody* cares for them?



## The Shaftesbury Society

& R. S. U. (1844)

185 ASSOCIATED MISSIONS, 12 HOMES NOW OPEN, 8,000 CRIPPLES REGISTERED AND ASSISTED. THE SOCIETY APPEALS FOR GENEROUS SUPPORT OF ITS CHRISTIAN SOCIAL EFFORTS CARRIED ON BY 5,800 VOLUNTARY HELPERS

Patrons:  
Their Majesties  
THE KING & QUEEN

Treasurer:  
Sir CHARLES SANDERS, K.B.E.

GIFTS OF MONEY AND OF GOODS GRATEFULLY ACKNOWLEDGED BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.  
Mr. ARTHUR BLACK, John Kirk House, 32, John St., London, W.C.1  
LEGACIES INVITED

## On CHRISTMAS DAY

800 to 1,000 Roast Beef and Plum Pudding Dinners for DESTITUTE men and women will be served in the Institution.

Parcels at Christmas-time for hundreds of poverty-stricken families. Tons of coal for fireless grates.

Treats for crowds of back-street children. Nourishing hot dinners for underfed boys and girls.

WILL YOU KINDLY HELP? Address: WILLIAM WILKES (Secretary),

**FIELD LANE INSTITUTION**

(Founded 1841), Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

## A Child's Gratitude

We wish that you could see the conditions that some little ones are suffering—and even more that you could see the happiness brought to thousands every year through the help of the National Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children. You can earn some little one's gratitude by sending a Christmas gift to-day to Wm. J. Elliott, Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.



Chairman:  
THE VISCOUNT  
ULLSWATER,  
G.C.B.

Vice-Chairman:  
F.P. WHITBREAD  
Esq.



## The Homes for Little Boys

FARNINGHAM AND SWANLEY, KENT.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.

President: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK.

The Homes for Little Boys, Farningham and Swanley, Kent, maintain 500 Homeless or Orphan Boys of all denominations, who are received in infancy, given a happy home and a sound education, taught a useful trade until they can earn their living at it, and thoroughly equipped for Life.

These Homes were the Pioneers, in England, of the Cottage System. The boys are not massed together in one Barracks-like building, but are housed in separate cottages, each with its "mother" in charge of from twenty to thirty boys, who thereby enjoy the benefits of family life, of which they would otherwise have been deprived.

HELP IS URGENTLY NEEDED.

Treasurer: Colonel A. E. MARNHAM, M.C., T.D.

Chairman: DAVID H. LINDSAY, Esq.

Secretary: JOHN ARTHUR BELL, The Homes,  
South Darenth, Kent.

PLEASE WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET.

## UNCLE ODOL'S PRIZE LIST LUCKY WINNERS IN NOVEMBER'S COMPETITION



Just look at this list! All these boys and girls have been sent lovely prizes by Uncle ODOL. The paintings they sent him for the November Competition were really excellent.

### BOYS

Roland Kerr, Grimsby.	George Chaffings, Grimsby.	Douglas Evans, Aberaman.
Allan Johnston, Wallasey.	Joseph Alderson, North.	James Brady, Leeds, 9.
Rowland Horton, Grimsby.	Michael Devieux, Liver-	Kenneth Mallinson, Black-
Alfred Howard, City Road,	pool, 20.	pool.
N. J.	Leslie Holland, Bristol, 5.	Peter Wright, Birmingham.
Clive Morrell, Gushborough.	Alec Brown, Waltham	Sam.
Brian Ross, Notting Hill,	Abbey.	Dennis Lee, Auncley,
W. I.	Norman Dean, Hull.	S.E.20.
Walter Roberts, Rhos-	John Wright, Birmingham.	George Butcher, Norwich.
tyllen.		David Rush, Norwich.

### GIRLS

Freda Slater, Weston-super-	Phyllis Brown, Middles-	Margaret Chaplin, Norwich.
Mare.	brough.	Sybil Gani, Norwich.
Elsie England, West Croy-	Dorothy Payne, Bayswater,	Marjorie Thompson, Walla-
don.	W.2.	sey.
Lilian Beamon, Glasgow,	Jessie Hill, Tipton.	May Holmes, Chadderton.
C.5.	Evlyn Caine, Thornton	Enice Merriman, Long
Tansy Ratnett, Bristol.	Heath.	Easton.
Diana Brough, N. Cheam.	Lois Phillips, Birmingham.	Nellie Readwin, Rugby.
Joan Barber, Birmingham.	Rhigwon Jones, Abergele.	Gladya Pountney, Coventry.
Eva Merryweather, Whit-	Sheila Broadhurst, Talko.	Annie Cauwood, West
sendine Station.		Hartlepool.
Freda Bradbury, Newton-	Mary Connor, Worcester.	Violet Merryweather, Whit-
on-Onise.	Brenda Rawcliffe, Whalley.	sendine Station.
Dorothy Chittenden, Surrey.	Alma Garrett, Blackpool.	Dorothy Lacey, Kirby-over-
Joyce Beardmore, Ryhope.	Lorna Fortescue, Merton	Blow.
Barbara Thorpe, Derby.	Park, S.W.19.	Kathleen Evans, Leek.
Joan Brain, Birmingham.	Rita Johnson, Lough-	Beryl Rendle, Lee Moor.
Joan Barlow, Poynton.	borough.	Violet Cassle, Leicester.
Huby Pettiford, Weymouth.	Ethelwyn Manton, Hor-	Alice Waring, Standish.
Vanda Organ, Bristol, 6.	sham.	Iris Percival, Worcester.
Olive Sears, Norbury,	Kathleen Gibbs, Bicester.	Muriel Ramsbottom, Nor-
S.W.16.	Mary Grimmer, Norwich.	wich.

This time the girls have won most prizes. Come on, boys! Ask mother to get you a sixpenny tube of ODOL Tooth Paste or Solid Dentifrice, with the FREE Painting Book. Uncle ODOL has ready hundreds of valuable prizes for the easy competition. Enter for December and win one—NOW!



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 13s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 8, 1934

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4

## THE BRAN TUB

### Walking and Riding

If a certain man walks to the nearest railway station at a speed of three miles an hour he will be half an hour late. If he goes by bus at a speed of ten miles an hour he will be 26 minutes early.

How far is it to the station?

Answer next week

### London's Free Show

THEY had come up from the country for a short visit to London.

"Are we going to a theatre today, father?" asked the young son of the family.

"Certainly not, my boy," was the reply. "There are a lot of shop-windows we haven't seen yet."

### From Saucer to Tumbler

PLACE on a table a saucer half full of water and a tumbler. Then ask someone to get the water into the tumbler without touching the saucer by hand or spilling a drop of the water.

This is not so difficult as it sounds. Hold the tumbler upside down just above the water, and then hold a lighted match under the tumbler. When the match has burned for a few seconds, remove it and place the tumbler in the saucer. The water will then rise into the glass.

### Ici On Parle Français



Le chaume Le trône La porcherie  
Thatch Throne Sty  
Ce toit est recouvert de chaume.  
La reine s'assiera sur son trône.  
La porcherie est l'étable à porcs.

### A Charade

MY first all sellers like to get  
When they a bargain make;  
My next they'll tell you in a pet  
That they will never take.  
My whole is sure of names the  
worst  
By which we men can call;  
And he that is so far accused  
Must be despised by all.

Answer next week

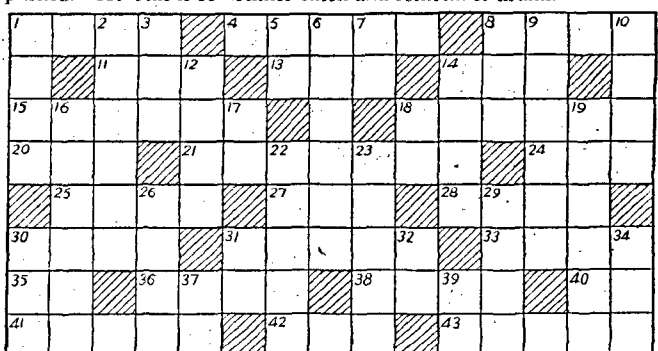
### Of Course

JACK: It says here that  
Archimedes jumped from his  
bath crying Eureka. What does  
Eureka mean?  
Father: I have found it!  
Jack: Oh! The soap, I suppose.

## The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

Asterisks after certain clues denote abbreviations. Answer next week.

Clues Reading Across. 1. An account. 4. Proportion. 8. A sphere. 11. An age. 13. Expresses negation. 14. A human being. 15. A rain cloud. 18. Peril. 20. A big Australian bird. 21. Calms. 24. Finish. 25. Brothers.\* 27. A purpose. 28. Sharp to the taste. 30. A bundle of straw. 31. Beneath. 33. One who employs something. 35. An able-bodied seaman.\* 36. Otherwise. 38. Tidy. 40. Royal Academician.\* 41. A kind of fishing net. 42. Accomplished. 43. This is sometimes eaten and sometimes drunk.



Clues Reading Down. 1. Piece of a skeleton. 2. Insect-eating relations of the monkeys. 3. To move clumsily. 5. Indefinite article. 6. Sluggish. 7. Pronoun. 8. A prohibition. 9. Exasperates. 10. A fat used in cooking. 12. Fruits. 14. Prominent part of a ship. 16. To drink in. 17. Compass point.\* 18. Doctor.\* 19. Goes inside. 22. To have long hairs on head and neck. 23. To remove blemishes. 26. Free of access. 29. Name sometimes used for a motor. 30. Existed. 31. You and me. 32. Royal Engineers.\* 34. A rodent. 37. French for the. 39. Denotes contiguity.

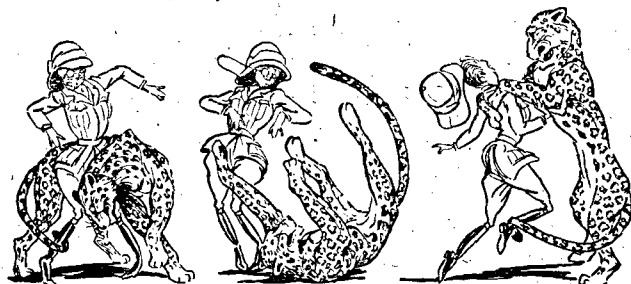
## On Being Friendly With a Leopard

Though with nice black rosettes she's peppered  
Don't be familiar with a leopard.



Though grace itself in form and  
feature  
Remember she's a greedy creature.

Though she be playful as a kitten  
Beware, my friend, of being  
bitten.



So, if you meet one, take a bee-line

Away from this alluring feline:



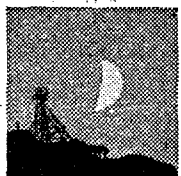
And never put your life in jeopardy  
By being friendly with a leopard.

### Guess This

TAKE a beverage with a sigh of  
satisfaction and comfort, and  
what have you? Answer next week

### Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening the planet Saturn  
is in the South-West and  
Uranus is in the South. In  
the morning Jupiter and  
Mercury are in the South-  
East, and Mars is in the South.  
The picture shows the  
Moon as it may be seen looking  
South at 6 p.m. on Wednesday,  
December 12.



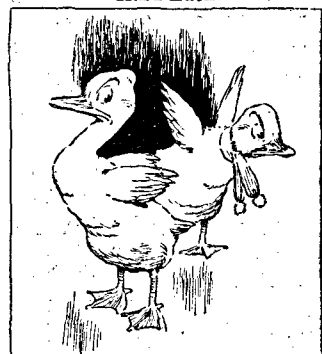
### Poor Bill

SMALL SON: I hear they have  
boys in Parliament now,  
Daddy.  
Father: I don't think so, old  
chap.  
Son: Well, I heard a man say  
that they had kicked Mr Jones's  
Bill out of Parliament.

### Riddle in Rhyme

MY first is in rudder but not in  
ship,  
My second's in orange but not in  
pip,  
My third is in picture but not in  
paint,  
My fourth is in goodness but not  
in saint,  
My fifth is in anger but not in ire,  
My sixth is in flaming but not in  
fire,  
My seventh's in oven, but not in  
pan,  
My eighth is in walking but not  
in ran,  
My ninth is in pulling but not in  
push,  
My tenth is in tree-top but not in  
bush,  
My eleventh's in swallow but not  
in bird,  
My whole is a strait of which  
you've heard. Answer next week

### Hard Luck



POOR Willie Duck is quite upset,  
He's had a nasty thump.  
He slipped up on the polished  
floor:  
Just look at that great bump!  
His brother's feeling rather blue,  
It looks as though Will hit him  
too!

### In a Sponge

A HUGE sponge as big as a tub  
was brought up from the bed  
of the Gulf of Mexico. It was  
found to contain more than  
17,000 creatures of various kinds,  
such as barnacles, shrimps, worms,  
and even a crab.

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Find the Number. 301

Riddle in Rhyme

N a.m. L—enamel.

A Charade. Cat-a-strophe.

## Uncle Phil's Surprise

PEARL was very excited  
when she skipped down-  
stairs on her birthday morning.  
On the breakfast-table stood  
a big pile of parcels, which  
she was soon busy opening.

"Why, there's nothing from  
Uncle Phil!" she exclaimed  
in surprise, when the last one  
had been undone.

Uncle Philip had never for-  
gotten before. He had no  
children of his own, and al-  
ways sent handsome birthday  
and Christmas gifts to his  
little niece and nephew.

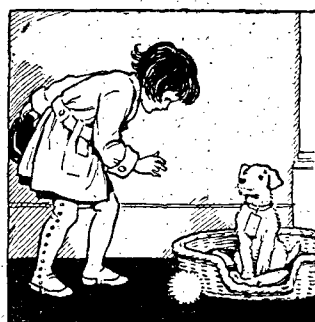
"Perhaps it will come by the  
next post," suggested Mummy.

When the postman came  
later Pearl flew to the door.  
But, alas! there was no  
parcel. Only a pretty, doggy  
postcard which had the curi-  
ous message: "Christmas is  
coming. Uncle Phil."

Pearl was very puzzled.  
Whatever did Uncle mean?  
She was disappointed too, as  
Christmas was a long way off.

"Jolly rough luck!" teased  
her brother Reg. "Perhaps  
Uncle's hard up, so he's going  
to slip birthdays and give only  
Christmas presents now."

Mummy laughed, and said  
she didn't think that was the



### On the collar was a card

reason at all. "I should just  
wait and see," she advised.

After dinner she took the  
children and two little friends  
for a long walk in the woods.  
Disappointment was soon for-  
gotten as they chased one  
another in and out of the trees.

It was nearly tea-time when  
they all trooped back again,  
carrying leaves and berries  
to decorate the table.

Daddy had arrived home  
earlier than usual, and was  
standing at the door to wel-  
come them. "Christmas has  
come!" he called out gaily.

The children stared. What-  
ever nonsense was Daddy  
talking? He was every bit  
as mysterious as Uncle Philip.  
Then Daddy took hold of  
Pearl's hand. "This way for  
the surprise," he said.

The next moment Pearl ran  
forward with a shriek of  
delight. There, sitting up  
saucily in a basket, was the  
prettiest wire-haired terrier  
she had ever seen. Round his  
neck was a gay blue collar,  
and fastened to it was a card  
on which Uncle had written:  
"My name is Christmas,  
please love me, and call me  
Chris for short."

Just as Eggs  
go with Bacon

bacon goes  
better with

HP  
SAUCE



Breakfast, the foundation-meal of the  
working-day, must be properly digested  
—for on it many hours of activity depend.  
That's why H.P. Sauce is the ideal break-  
fast relish. Your bacon, with the 4th  
Condiment, will taste twice as good, and  
you yourself feel fitter for work or play.  
H.P. is 9d. per bottle.

The 4th Condiment

BE PARTICULAR



WHY ASK SIMPLY  
FOR BROWN BREAD?  
THERE ARE ALL  
SORTS — GOOD  
AND LESS GOOD  
BE PARTICULAR  
AND SAY

HōVIS

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield